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August 18. — 1871.

Wm Ernest Chavidge
with kindest regards
A HANDFUL *from*
OF *The Author* —

FLOWERS AND WEEDS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM A VERY OLD PORTFOLIO.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FALSE STEP AND THE SISTERS."

"Let us leave those to flutter like sparrows who cannot soar as eagles."

ST. AMBROSE.

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P R E F A C E

AND

D E D I C A T I O N .

TO MY SISTER :

HAD you not given your approval to this “*HANDFUL OF FLOWERS AND WEEDS*,” I should never have had the courage to publish them. Your opinion was, no doubt, strongly seconded by my own self-love. A better feeling, I hope, leads me to Dedicate the little Volume to you, my beloved Sister, and to all who, like you, may think it worthy of perusal—their name will not, I think, be Legion.



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SCENES FROM HISTORY.

THE RANSOM.

IN FOUR SCENES.

SCENE I.

CAMIOLA.

Now speed thee, Time ! or, let me sleep away
The weary days Orlando must be absent,
And let my sleep give dreams ! bright glorious dreams
Of him and Fame. Yet no ! not of his fame,
For of renown I reek not, though *his* deeds
Will, well I know, deserve it. See I would
His looks, his smile, to judge therefrom his thoughts.
Ev'n now, how well I can imagine him
On his proud charger, his brow so noble
Wreathed with a victor's crown ; his heralds
A grateful people's shouts. How can I bear it ?
Smile will he on me, though he well will know
That I shall weep with ecstasy. Soft tears
Are woman's friends, and when too much of joy
Comes to a heart, as yet unused to bear it,

Dim the sight, and save the soul from sinking.
—From this point can my eyes descry him first.

[She approaches a window.]

But hold ! there is, or else my sight tells false,
A vessel even now. A broken mast
I can discern, and remnant of a sail.
A wail too mingles with the wind—
What may it mean ?

BIANCA (*entering*).

My most dear mistress !

CAMIOLA.

Speak—on the instant speak !

BIANCA.

Disastrous news, dear lady, comes from Naples.

CAMIOLA.

Tell on, I do command thee.

BIANCA.

The Sicilian fleet that left the harbour
Only yester morn, though fairer vessels
Ne'er did quit the shores, nor men more valiant——

CAMIOLA.

My God ! Oh maiden, hast thou not a tongue
To make a sad tale brief ? Go on—go on !

BIANCA.

I scarcely can for sorrow. Fatal 'twas
For Sicily the day those ships were mann'd ;

For they have fought, and they have all been conquered.
One, only one, in wretched, piteous plight
Returns to tell the tale.

CAMIOLA.

Is *all* now told? Oh! canst thou not reveal
If *he* is slain? and how it came to pass?
Or if the deep sea hides him?

BIANCA.

The sea hides many victims, that but now
Breathed, spoke, and felt as we do. Nor alone
Consigned, I fear, to its most hungry jaws
Were they whom Death had struck; the wounded, too,
While warm and breathing (so 'tis said) were sunk
To grow cold there!

CAMIOLA.

And he, the Prince Orlando? What his fate?
Death, the great leveller, all state o'erthrows,
Yet teaches what hath substance doth not kill
The valiant as the coward. Could *he* die,
The great commander, of such matchless valour,
As dies the soldier of the multitude?
Yet, if he *is* dead, wherefore should I ask?

BIANCA.

Lady! the Prince Orlando—worthy he
To be a monarch's brother!—as a lion
Stood 'gainst the enemy——

CAMIOLA.

He would—he would!

BIANCA.

But, at length, by numbers overpowered,
He was led off a prisoner.

CAMIOLA.

And *lives* he? Enough—enough!

[CAMIOLA *falls on her knees.*

SCENE II.

The DUKE MILAZZO and CAMIOLA.

CAMIOLA.

And the king you say, my lord, forgetful
Of the respect due to a monarch's truth,
Deaf to the pleadings of a brother's love,
Doth quite refuse the ransom?

MILAZZO.

And doth not even qualify refusal
By promise or suggestion. Threaten he does—
Naples shall sore repent (he says) the day
It fought 'gainst Sicily. Never will he pay
Into the treasury of hated foe
The sum I mentioned—fifty thousand crowns.

CAMIOLA.

And yet 'tis little for the liberty
Of a dear brother. Were he mine, methinks
I should not linger, but with windswift speed

Unbar his dungeon's door, and set him free.
Shame on the monarch's heart of avarice !
Shame on the people, who would leave to pine,
In darkness and in fetters, one who fought
So oft, so valiantly, so well for them !
My lord Milazzo, you were once, I know,
My father's dearest friend, and have to me,
I've sometimes deemed, most generously transferred
A portion of the friendship felt for him.

MILAZZO.

Not to have done so were impossible,
Your virtues first, and next your father's name.

CAMIOLA.

Such friendship, lord, doth both bless and honor,
And in this hour is needed. None but thou,
Or one who had a father's feeling for me,
Could perform my mission. What though I'm rich !
Riches did ne'er disarm the slanderer's tongue,
And youth must aye be careful. I would give,
And give with gladness, to my last ducat,
In the present cause. But, there must not rest
A breath of censure on my father's child.

MILAZZO.

You speak enigmas. Censure never yet
Has named Camiola. What wouldst thou do ?

CAMIOLA.

And hast not thou divined ? Men's minds are slow,
A woman's had foreknown in half the time.
My lord ! I've fixed to ransom Prince Orlando.

MILAZZO.

I could not be thy friend and let thee do it ;
'Tis more than half thou hast ; 'twould leave thee poor.

CAMIOLA.

But not so poor as now. *Half* did'st thou say ?
Take *all* if needful. Is not that enough ?
Palermo's every door shall see me beg
To swell the sum. My lord, I'm fixed to do it.
Be my firm friend in this ; do not oppose me.

MILAZZO.

So young, so fair, so rich, more good than all,
Thus to throw off the trammels of thy sex
And to the world reveal that thou dost love ;
For nought but love could be so generous,
Unknowing, too, if he doth honor thee !

CAMIOLA.

My lord, he doth, he doth ! His last words were
That he did love me. I have not yet replied
To those dear words, but now in act I speak.
Go to him, my dear lord, release him strait ;
But take with thee this paper from my hand
For him to sign, as we had been betrothed,
The world will then not dare condemn the deed.
We were in heart and truth pledged to each other ;
And I but waited his most blest return
To speak, for he had said he loved. Haste, haste,
My good lord, haste ! Bring with thee my Orlando

SCENE III.

BIANCA *and* MILAZZO.

MILAZZO.

My good Bianca, how fares thy mistress now ?

BIANCA.

My lord, I have this instant quitted her ;
She sits the image of tranquillity—
A lily in the moonlight blossoming
Is not more pale—but yet she sheds no tear.
Her brow contracts at times, as in deep thought,
Else do I see no change. Fast in her hands
She holds the treaty signed by Orlando.
And a few minutes since she read aloud
The words his treachery had traced beneath.
“ Generous Camiola ! ” and then she made
This comment, “ He should have said unwise.”
But, my lord, she comes.

[MILAZZO *advances to meet her, and takes both
her hands in his.*

MILAZZO.

Why this is well ! Right proud I am to see
This noble bearing. It is worthy thee !
I had expected tears, and loud complaint,
And execrations of man’s treachery,
Yet thou, with woman’s weakness, loving on.

CAMIOLA.

My lord ! if this were mere inconstancy,
Perhaps I might—but it is black and base.
Earth's lowest creature were debased by it—
And I thought him the highest. Yes, the highest !
No name in history's brightest page enrolled
Seemed a meet parallel for his. Not one
So brave, so great, as he appeared to me.

MILAZZO.

Unworthy that thy tongue should mention him !

CAMIOLA.

In prison, the common air denied him,
He hears my plan in darkness, and approves,
Swears that he loves me, calls me generous,
Blesses my name—(this is your own report)—
Released, instead of flying to me here
Where I had long and fondly waited for him,
He goes to others, and to them relates
How he has mocked me ! Scoffs at what he wrote,
For that he loved me not ! Wherefore say so ?
Why not, while yet within his dungeon walls
Refuse to sign ? I had still released him,
And still adored him. Honor had been his !
But basely thus to welcome liberty,
Is to condemn himself to be despised.

MILAZZO.

The ransom's not yet paid ; and if thou wilt
I will return to Naples, state the case,
And ev'n refuse the payment.

CAMIOLA.

Believ'st thou then 'tis money I regret?
Oh, my dear lord, were I the poorest wretch
That treads this earth, I should not once repine
Might I but think, ev'n though unblessed by Hope,
That quite unworthily I had not loved.
But—but—folly and madness as it was—
He was the brother of a king!—I deemed
His mind right royal. Beauteous to behold,
I fondly imaged him with soul as fair.
Freely would I have given my life to save,
As I gave wealth to free him.

MILAZZO.

Would that thou hadst not!
Would that he had pined in gnawing fetters
His worthless life away!

CAMIOLA.

No, no, no, no!
He lives—is free—and I am glad to know,
Dear as I've bought the lesson, *what* he is.
My dearest lord, is it not better thus
Than to live on deceived? Not long ago
I thought that man a god! I was a slave
To him in every thought, and word, and act.
Oh! the awful hour when first I thought I loved,
First felt, first knew my soul no longer mine,
But given to him for ever and for ever!
Till then, I scarcely knew I had affections,
And no suspicion had of all their power.
They blossomed sweetly, but too suddenly,
Like flowers 'neath northern skies, that throw away

Their snowy covering too soon, too rapidly—
They bask in sunshine but to be consumed.

MILAZZO.

Say rather, blighted, lady.

CAMIOLA.

'Tis the same thing, Milazzo !

MILAZZO.

I would not have thee, noble lady, give
Such triumph, to so ignoble a foe.
Thy story known, all Sicily would arm
To make him do thee justice.

CAMIOLA (*after a pause*).

Thou sayest well.

The State tribunal cannot well refuse
This case a hearing. Dearest, kindest friend,
Into thy hands I put this precious writ—
Orlando's contract witnessing his shame.
His name is to 't. You see he calls himself
The Prince of Arragon. Bring it me again
And let me know, ere long, if wise men's heads
Can guess a woman's meaning.

[MILAZZO *goes out*.

He spoke but now of justice—is there then
Redress for injured love? Oh ! if there were,
Why, love would ne'er be wounded, hearts would break
Even with the thought of seeking it. Now
Wounds for the surface meant, sink to the core
Because there's no redress. Inconstancy !
Thou art indeed a curse, if thou canst lead

A right mind thus astray. But 'tis not so ;
Inconstancy alone I could have braved.
He might have loved another with full heart
And no complaint from me. 'Tis not man's fate
To love where he doth choose, nor woman's either !
'Twere foolishness to quarrel with him there !
But grateful, generous, considerate,
Though but in outward show, he might have been.
Instead of this, he hath derided me,
Swears, though I love him, that he knows me not,
And loudly laughs and talks of woman's weakness.
Weakness it *is* indeed to be deceived !
How doth my heart self-questioned stand condemned !
By what false seemings did he blind my eyes ?
Where was my judgment slumbering when I loved
So base a thing as he ?

SCENE IV.

Scene—The space before the Cathedral of Palermo.

ORLANDO *with a haughty bearing and aspect enters, accompanied by a splendid retinue. CAMIOLA closely veiled, followed by MILAZZO and numerous friends, advances opposite to him, but without raising her eyes.*

ORLANDO.

By the State's command, I believe thine too,
Lady ! I am here.

MILAZZO.

Not, I hope, by more egregious outrage
To insult where thou shouldst honor, or deny
That lawfully, and with thine own consent,
Thou wert betrothed to this deserving lady.

ORLANDO.

The State decrees that I should marry her ;
More than obedience is not mine to give,
More, even the State can neither ask nor have,
Of *thy* permission can I even doubt ?

[*He offers to take CAMIOLA's hand. CAMIOLA by
gesture forbids him to approach her.*]

CAMIOLA.

Do not come near me, I had not meant to speak,
Did not again or mean or wish to see thee !
But thy ill-timed words compel me to explain.
Ladies of Sicily ! to you I speak.
Though as a bride you see me here attired
I am not come to wed. Wished I to be
Allied to perfidy, to treachery,
To all that's basest, all that's most ungrateful,
Then would I marry now the Prince Orlando !
Ladies ! he sought my love. I feel disgraced
To say he won it. Let him now deny
My words, if they're not truth. Betrothed we were
On his part, that I so might ransom him !
That within dungeon walls he pines not now
Is act of mine. Oh ! 'tis a painful thing
To speak of what we've done for those we've loved,
But it is needful. You have heard him speak.
The Prince comes here by his own base confession

To do *me* justice by the State's award !

(*Cries of "Shame, shame !"*)

And I to make him known and then renounce him.

(*Applause.*)

ORLANDO.

Lady ! I do crave forgiveness !

CAMIOLA.

And I do grant it ! 'Tis an easy thing

To pardon where we utterly despise.

Never more canst thou deceive another

As thou didst me, with virtuous seeming.

A stain is on thy shield blacker than night.

—And now, Milazzo, let my chosen friends

Come nigh, to have my last adieux.

MILAZZO.

One is now near who begs alone for time

To make his deep love known. Camiola,

He was thy earliest friend.

CAMIOLA.

What ! thy Son !

My favourite Adorni. Milazzo,

I have ne'er forgot my childhood's hours,

Nor yet, my dear Adorni, thy young kindness ;

Ever wert thou at hand to save or serve.

ADORNI.

Camiola, I loved thee then as now

Adoringly, but then, 'twas without hope.

Not only wert thou the most beauteous flower

Our Sicily could boast, and loved by all,
Thy dower made thee sought. My youthful love
Amid the crowds that worshipped, knew not how
To make its wishes known. I fled, and now,
Now, only supplicate delay. A week,
A day, Camiola, is all I ask
To make my story known, and prove to thee
That there is such a good upon this earth
As faithfulness.

CAMIOLA.

I know it, kind Adorni.

Were all men treacherous earth would scarce be earth,
But a far worse abode than pictured Hell.
Bad passions are true demons. For thy love,
My childhood's friend ! I thank thee fervently,
There is too deep a furrow in my mind
For me to meet it as it should be met.
Think not from this, that I do sorrow now—
Oh no ! Its tide hath passed—but there's a track
Upon my heart, where once its waters were
That will not be effaced. The cataract
That tears the mountain's side may cease to flow
But leaves its record there !

Give me thy hand !

Let it now lead me to the altar's foot,
There will I breathe my prayer for peace to Heaven,
And there, by holy vows, renounce the world.

[ADORNI *leads* CAMIOLA *towards the Cathedral,*
and the curtain falls.]

THE DREAM OF GALILEO.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ENGEL).

GALILEO, who, by his science has made himself so deservedly immortal, lived at one time at Arcetri, in the Florentine States. There he enjoyed a peaceable and renowned old age. Although deprived of the blessing of sight, he still had intense enjoyment in the pleasures of spring, partly from the return of the nightingale and odour-breathing flowers, and partly from its vivid associations with foregone joys.

Once, in the early part of the last year of his valuable life, he suffered himself to be led into the fields in the neighbourhood of Arcetri by Viviani, his youngest and most devoted pupil. He expressed a fear that he was going too far for his strength, and playfully asked his guide not to take him beyond the Florentine territory. "Thou knowest," he said, "the promise I was obliged to make to the Holy Inquisition." Viviani set him down on a small elevation of ground, and as he here rested, surrounded by herbs and flowers, and, as it were, in a cloud of odour, he recalled the ardent desire for liberty which had once seized him in Rome, at the approach of spring, and the wish came over him at that moment to pour out the last drop of bitterness remain-

ing in his soul on the heads of his cruel persecutors. But he quickly checked the inclination, and reproved himself in these words: "The spirit of Copernicus might be angry."

Viviani, who had never heard of the dream to which Galileo here alluded, requested an explanation of these words. But the venerable man, for whose disordered nerves the evening air was too cold and damp, wished to be led back before he gave it. After a brief delay he said :

"Thou knowest, Viviani, how hard my fate was in Rome, and how long my deliverance was delayed. When I found that even the powerful intercession of my protector, the Medici, and even that dreadful recantation to which I let myself down, had no effect ; then threw I myself on my couch, full of the bitterest reflections on my fate, and full, too of inward revolt against Providence. I then addressed myself in these words : ' So far as thou canst remember,' I exclaimed, ' how blameless has thy life been ! With how much labour hast thou in the zeal of thy vocation, wandered through the errors of a false wisdom, in order to seek the light which thou couldst not find ! How earnestly hast thou set all the powers of thy soul to discover the truth, and to trample under foot the powerful and thorny prejudices which obstructed thy path ! How often hast thou denied thyself the food thou wert in want of, and turned thy lips from the beaker thou couldst have wished to empty, in order not to be sluggish in the labour of the spirit ! How many hours hast thou taken from thy sleep in order to dedicate them to wisdom ! How often, when all around thee lay in careless repose, and were strengthening themselves for new voluptuousness, hast

thou trembled with cold while contemplating the heavens—or, in gloomy cloud-covered nights watched and worked by the faint glimmer of the lamp, in order to enlighten mankind and announce the honour of the Godhead! Wretch! and what is now the reward of thy labour? and, what has been thy gain, for all thy glorification of the Creator and thy enlightenment of mankind? Merely this, that grief over thy fate should dry up the moisture of thy eyes—that they, the truest helps of the soul, should daily become less useful to thee; for those tears which thou canst not restrain will soon extinguish for ever their feeble light.’

“Thus spake I to myself, Viviani, and then I cast a glance full of envy on my persecutors. ‘These unworthy people,’ I said ‘who envelope their silliness in mysterious formulas, and their limbs in honourable garments! In the vile repose of sluggishness, they promulgate human inventions as the holy sentences of God! They strike furiously to the earth the wise who hold the torch of truth in their hands, lest it should disturb them in their voluptuous slumber. Unworthy creatures that they are—only active for their own pleasures!—they are the ruin of the world! Yet, how do they in their sumptuous palaces laugh at grief like mine! In what a state of continued intoxication do they enjoy life! How devoutly do the people whom they cheat, of whose herds they take the fat, and of whose grapes they take the juice (in order to prepare feasts for themselves), fall before them! And thou, unhappy one! thou, who livedst only to God and thy vocation—thou, who hast never suffered impure thoughts to dwell in thy soul, but hast alone for truth, the purest and holiest of passions—thou, one of the High

Priests of God, who his wonders in the world-system, his wonders in the worm revealed—must thou miss the only thing for which thou languishest? that which is given alike to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air—freedom? Alas! what eye watches over the fate of man? What just impartial hand distributes the blessings of life? to the unworthy everything is permitted to succeed, from the worthy everything is taken away.’

“I groaned aloud, Viviani, until I slept. Immediately it appeared to me, a venerable old man stepped to my couch. He seemed to contemplate me with pleasure, and in the meantime my eyes rested in astonishment on his thoughtful forehead. ‘Galileo,’ he said at last, ‘what thou sufferest now, thou sufferest for the sake of truth which I taught thee. And the same superstition which persecutes thee, would have pursued me, had Death not removed me to this eternal freedom.’ ‘Thou art Copernicus!’ I exclaimed, and before he could answer me I had clasped him in my arms. Oh! Viviani, the affinities of blood which nature makes are sweet, but sweeter far is the affinity of souls! How much dearer than even the bands of brotherly love are the bands of truth! With what blessed anticipations of the enlarged sphere of activity, for the exalted faculties of the soul, of the free communication of all the treasures of knowledge, do we hasten to the friend who walks by the side of Wisdom! ‘Behold’ said the old man, after repeated embraces, ‘I have resumed the covering that formerly enclosed me, and I will be to thee now, at this present time, what I shall be to thee hereafter—thy guide. For there, where the unfettered spirit continues to work without cessation, rest is only

a change of labour. The researches we ourselves make in the depth of the Godhead, are only interrupted by the instruction we give to the latest comers from earth. And I, Galileo, will one day lead thy soul to the knowledge of the eternal.'

"Copernicus then led me to a low-sunken cloud, and we took our flight together through the immeasurable heavens. I saw the moon, Viviani, with her mountains and her valleys. I saw the stars of the Miky Way, of the Pleiades, and of Orion. I saw the spots on the Sun, and the Moons of Jupiter. All that I had before seen here below with all the aids of science, I saw better there with unassisted vision. I wandered through the Heavens in ecstacies among my own discoveries, as, on earth, a friend to humanity may wander among his own good deeds. *Every well-occupied hour here becomes there fruitful in blessedness*; a blessedness which he who steps into that world without knowledge can, I think, scarcely be supposed to feel; therefore never will I, Viviani, not even in this trembling old age, cease to seek after Truth. Who seeks her *here*, to him Joy is born *there*—from every confirmed fact, from every annihilated doubt, from every revealed mystery, from every uprooted error. See! I felt all this in that moment of delight; but I only remember that I did feel it! For my soul, overcome with rapture, lost each individual blessedness in the sea of her enjoyment.

"While I thus looked and wondered, and lost myself in the grandeur of Him whose almighty wisdom created, and whose eternal love sustains and preserves, all things, the conversation of my guide raised my thoughts to still higher ideas. 'The limits of thy senses,' he said, 'are not the limits of the universe. Although a mul-

titude of suns from unimaginable distances are visible to thee, thousands and thousands more, imperceptible to thy vision, shine in endless æther, and every sun as well as each surrounding sphere is with feeling beings and thinking souls inhabited. Wherever orbits are possible, there roll worlds, and wherever beings can exist in happiness, there do beings live. In the immensity of infinity, not a space remains in which the bountiful Creator has not created life or the materials for life; and through this countless variety of created things there reigns, even to the smallest atom, unbroken order. From heaven to heaven, from sun to sun, and from earth to earth, eternal laws preserve all in rapturous harmony. To the immortal Wise Man, in the eternity of all eternities, the subjects of consideration and the sources of his blessedness are inexhaustible. But why should I speak of these things to thee now, Galileo? For this blessedness does not encircle and imbue the spirit while chained to its sluggish earthly companion, that throws it back to dust when scarcely beginning to rise, and checks all further progress.'

“‘It may not,’ exclaimed I, ‘form a true conception of this blessedness in its full and heavenly acceptation, but, certainly, Copernicus, it is acquainted with its nature. For, what joy can equal that which wisdom gives even in this earthly life! What intense delight does the spirit already feel, even while enclosed in mortal limbs, when it begins to see clearly—to see through the uncertain twilight of new ideas, a gracious splendour widening and widening before him, until at last, the full light of knowledge rises and reveals to his delighted senses, regions of endless beauty! Recall to thy mind, Copernicus—thou, who thyself did penetrate so

far into the secrets of God ! who didst unfold to us a part of the plan of his creation !—recall the moment, in which the brave thought of revealing this plan first occurred to thee, and how joyfully thou didst call into action all thy faculties to conceive it, to produce it, and to arrange it. Recall, as all lay there complete, in glorious harmony, with what intoxicated love, thou didst glance at the beautiful work of thy spirit, and how vividly thou then didst feel thy likeness to the Eternal, on whom thou wert able to meditate. O yes ! my guide, even here below, wisdom is beautiful, and rich in heavenly joy ! Were it not so, why should we so tranquilly behold from her lap all the vanities of life ?’

“The cloud which had borne us along, sank back to earth and let itself down, as it seemed to me, on one of the hills near Rome. The capital of the world lay before us. Full of deep contempt, I stretched out my hand from my height, and said, ‘They think themselves great—the proud dwellers in these palaces !—because their limbs are clothed in purple, and the gold and silver on their tables offer whatever is most precious from India and from Europe. But, as the eagle looks down upon the silkworm, so do the wise look down on such idiots ; for, they know nothing beyond the leaf to which they are attached, and on which they feed, while the wise man who is free, steps on his height and overlooks the world, or ascends on the wings of contemplation and wanders among the stars.’

“As I so spoke, Viviani, the brow of my guide became clouded with solemn earnestness. His brotherly arm sank down from my shoulder, and his eye shot a threatening glance into my innermost soul. ‘Unworthy one,’ he exclaimed, ‘is it for this thou hast

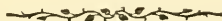
already experienced on earth the joys of heaven? that thy name has been made glorious among the wise of all nations! that the faculties of thy soul, free and mighty in the knowledge of the truth, have been perfected, to continue active through an eternity! And now, that God decrees thee to suffer persecution—now that thy heart should adorn itself with virtue, as thy mind is ornamented with knowledge—thou makest thy wisdom a merit of thy own—every trace, every remembrance of benefits is effaced, and thy soul sets itself against God!’

“Here I awoke from my dream, Viviani, and found myself cast down from the gloriousness of the Infinite to the desolation of my prison. Marvel not that I shed a flood of tears. Then raising my eyes, amid the shades of night, I said: ‘O God, full of love! has the Nothing which through Thee became Something presumed to blame thy ways? Has the dust, to which Thou gavest a soul, spoken of thy gift as if it were on account of his own merits? Has the unworthy being whom Thou hast nourished in thy bosom and in thy heart, to whom Thou gavest so many drops out of thy own cup, alike forgotten his own unworthiness and thy grace? Strike his eyes with blindness—let him never again hear the voice of friendship—let him grow old in prison!—with a willing mind will he endure his fate, happy in the remembrance of his enjoyed blessings, and contented in the expectation of those to come hereafter.’

“My whole soul was thrown out, Viviani, in this prayer. But the Heavenly Father, who created me to so much blessedness, remembered not the murmuring of my discontent, and only listened to the resignation

inspired by my gratitude. For see, I am living in freedom here in Arcetri, and this very day, under the guidance of my pupil and my friend, I am enjoying the flowers of spring."

He felt for the hand of his scholar, in order gratefully to press it, but Viviani possessed himself of his, and raised it respectfully to his lips.



LIVING POËTS—(IN 1821).

ERE winter yield his iron clam,
 Or summer suns with smiles again
 Revive the earth and glad the eye,
 I fain would wreathe from wrecks of thought,
 In different hours from Nature caught,
 And resting in my memory,
 A fairer garland for my bower
 Than spring could give, though every flower
 Were culled beneath those southern skies
 Where Nature's fav'rite blossoms rise
 In rich luxuriance, fair as free.
 For oh ! this wreath of mine shall be
 Selected from the bright parterre
 Of Britain's living poets.—There
 Each flower we love shall find a name,
 And, losing all its earthly hues,
 Be dedicate to Fame !
 And first, the rose, the garden queen,
 Man's favorite flower—love's emblem, sues
 Her name with Moore's to blend ;
 And none who know his verse, I ween,
 Will think it wrong to list her plea,
 For who, so tenderly as he

Hath sung her own, or her lover's praise ?
But if I amorous descant make
On all or even half the lays
I love so truly, they would take
At least ten years to be recorded,
And I might die ; or my Muse's fire
Amid the crash of worlds expire
Before due titles were awarded ;
My garland uncompleted lying,
Its colours fled, its fragrance dying,
Fame weeping o'er my work suspended !
So now, that it may soon be ended,
Instead of formal invocation
To Apollo or Hippocrené,
To Flora, on my bended knee,
I'll make a gentle supplication.

My prayer is breathed—I need not word it,
The goddess comes, a proof she heard it.
Oh, how unlike our mortal fair !
She does not scorn exactitude ;
But swiftly, through the realms of air,
Descends, and wins my gratitude.
Her car is one all-perfect gem,
More pure than Indian mine e'er gave
To grace a monarch's diadem.
As clear and beauteous as the wave,
That scarcely seen itself, betrays
The golden sands o'er which it strays ;
Whose silent course is only known
For wealth and beauties not its own.
Still glittering with Parnassian dew.
Within are flowers of every hue,

Mingled with boughs of nobler growth,
Plucked from Olympus, by the hand
Of that fair maid who, nothing loth,
Now graceful bows to my command.

Our articles are soon agreed,
And by the Goddess 'tis decreed,
That since each earthly poet's fame
Is known to her, I need but name
His forte or style, and she will send
An emblem with my wreath to blend.

And first I ask for a mind of power,
Whose verse like mountain torrent flows,
A fitting symbol, and she throws

For Byron's type a passion-flower—
Byron, whose words of music dart
Their magic radiance through the heart ;
But, traitor-like, the scars reveal,
And mock the wounds they never heal.

I place it by my lovely rose,
Where, by the contrast each bestows,
They both grow dearer ; for the strain
Of love and joy, that "lightly floats"—
Sinks deeper when, by sadder notes,
The soul is roused to a sense of pain.

"But what, O! Flora, can you find
To image fitly Southey's mind ?
The laureate bard, who writes so much,
Whose prolix fruitfulness is such,
He pours out ode and epic numbers,
As hotbeds bring forth cucumbers,
Yet gently probes the human heart,
With something more than a poet's art,

And from its secret sanctities
Removes the close-wove veil that lies,
Impervious to all other eyes.

“ Oh ! Southey’s emblem best may be
A branch of the sacred Banian tree,
Whose outstretched arms, on Ganges’ shore,
But sink to earth to rise again,
And give to man a holy fane

Wherein to worship and adore ! ”
“ There, take it,” Flora said ; “ I see
In taste and judgment we agree,
So, to save time and spare your breath,
I’ll make the choice, and for your wreath
Will throw successive flowrets down,
To suit a great or small renown.

“ This purple heath-flower, I throw
To show the Ettrick Shepherd’s worth—
Its bright and amaranthine glow
Adorns the land that gave him birth—
A birth beneath the mountain snow,
But, like the fame his lays have won,
Fades not beneath the summer sun.

“ For Scott, the bard of chivalry,
Of love, of war, of rivalry,
I blend the lily with the vine,
And join thereto the trumpet-flower ;
But though I wish the wreaths you twine
To mark a critic’s praise or blame,
These will not, for they cannot name
Scott’s pathos, purity and power.

"These rose-buds, Campbell, are for thee,
 Best types of Hope's delightful feeling,—
 Their deep, yet scarce-seen tints revealing
 All that the future flowers will be,
 Yet death and quick decay concealing,
 As they would live immortally !
 Yes, like thy own enthusiast strain,
 Creating visions free from pain,
 Except, indeed, to minstrel's gaze ;
 And on his sight 'twill sometimes raise
 Dark clouds of fear that ne'er again,
 For *him* can sound a burst of praise.
 Pansies I give in Cornwall's stead ;
 For, was it not Ophelia said,
 Pansies were thoughts ? Could I then find
 A truer type of Cornwall's mind ?

"I think the fair Ophelia, too,
 Gave rosemary for memory—
 To one alone this plant is due,
 A bard whose name can never die ;
 For, on the shrine that makes us blest
 When gone-by years no censures bear,
 Rogers' immortally will rest,
 Hung by his own sweet music there.

"But I must hasten, though there are
 So many still, whose works declare
 They would be praised as well as named ;
 But, by their lays their worth's proclaimed
 In better terms—so Keats may be
 A branch of the weeping fountain-tree

Culled in Canary. This bright palm,
 Brought from an isle in the Indian Sea,
 I give to Wilson—and the balm
 To Bernard Barton. Hunt shall be
 The plant reversed 'cleped 'London Pride,'
 Read 'Pride o' London'—and I'll give
 Upas for Shelly, but allied
 With violets—these alone will live,
 I ween, and with their fragrance smother
 The undue influence of the other.

“My flowers are gone, and none remain.
 Alas! for bards of equal note;
 Not one for Wordsworth's rural strain,
 Or Crabbe, the pastoral antidote.

“Not e'en the fragment of a tree
 Reserved for Milman or for Leigh,
 Coleridge, or Croly, therefore, they
 And many others highly prized
 We e'en must leave *to be* baptized
 On some less inauspicious day.
 Nor shall it be alone for men—
 On Hemans, Holford, Baillie, then
 Fit name and mention we'll bestow,
 If fitting can be found, to show
 That woman's genius sometimes can
 Refute the pride of haughty man,
 Who thinks the laurel ought to be
 His own peculiar property.
 He need not fear—few women claim
 A leaflet from the hand of Fame;

But, fairly earned, oh ! let it wave
Around their brow and o'er their grave.
He need not fear—while better praise
Than ever sprang from deathless bays
Awaits the sister, friend, and wife
Who sanctify domestic life.
Nor need he fear—while beauty's lure
Proves the best lime-twig to secure
His changeful heart—and fairy smiles
From roseate cheeks and laughing eyes
Form truer talismanic wiles,
To bring the wanderer back who flies,
Than even angel eloquence,
And all the artillery of sighs,
If breathed by ugliness and sense.

“From this at leisure you may weave
A moral, for I now must leave
Earthly poetries—re-ascend
My empty car, and thither wend
My truant steps, where all the fountains
In verse-inspiring gambols play,
Where trees breathe couplets, and the mountains
Stand ‘cloud-capped’ with poetry ;
Where, too, whole hecatombs of rhyme
Consume beneath the hand of Time ;
Un-phoenix like, whose ashes yield
No light the parents’ name to shield
From Lethe’s wave—the fatal breath
So feared in life they meet in death,
And sink unwept. But now farewell !
A word so oft the passing knell

To all the better joys we know,
Or prelude to unyielding woe,
I cannot utter without pain,
E'en though I hope to come again."

And Flora's gone ! Oh, who can see
A fabled vision fade away
Nor sigh to lose it ? Who can be
Unmindful of its fairy sway,
Nor feel in every change of thought
The loss of all the life it brought ?
As flowers before the midnight wind,
Soon sinks the music of the mind.
Oh ! what may mark its altered tone ?

Not the mute harp whose notes are dead,
Nor withering rose whose bloom hath fled,
Nor desert sands whose waves are gone.
For the wave will come to the lonely shore
Again and again as heretofore ;
And the silent harp will still prolong
To Memory's ear the soul of song,
Or 'neath a loved touch wake again ;

And the withering rose deprived of bloom,
Faded and fallen, will still retain

In death its rich perfume.

Doth, then, no image rest for thee,

Immortal mind, when once unstrung ?

Or may the towering eaglet be

Thy record, if, when upward sprung

A floating cloud, absorb the ray

Of glorious light that lured it on,

Then leaves it, 'mid the pathless way

Unaided and alone !

S O N G.

I MARKED, bedewed with tears, an opening rose,
 Fair as a star,
 That in the heavens glows,
 When the car
 Of Dian, faintest light bestows !
 I said, " Why weepest thou, fair flower ?
 Fit art thou, dear one ! for a lady's bower
 And in her bridal hour !
 Too beautiful thou art for tears to rest,
 Ev'n for an instant on thy snowy breast."

And the fair rose replied, in gentle tone,
 " Of creatures here
 That weep, I'm not alone,
 And a tear
 None born of earth need e'er disown.
 Mourn thou not for me, but still let me weep,
 For when my heart I thus in sorrow steep
 Its sighs, its sufferings sleep—
 And uncomplaining of one sorrow given,
 I yield my soul in fragrance back to Heaven."

SHE SAID, "I WILL NOT LOVE!"

(INTENDED FOR MUSIC).

As if a word could woe remove,
 Her heart in its unrest,
 When loving most, yet most distress,
 Exclaimed, "I will not love!"

As if the web could be unwove
 Where Fate hath held the woof—
 As though such web were not time-proof,
 She said, "I will not love!"

Too much I've borne, too much I've strove,
 Too much I've had of pain;
 Let others be deceived again,
 But I, "I will not love!"

Yet oh! remark—you can't disprove
 The truth I have to tell;
 No hearts there are that love so well
 As those that "will not love!"

A FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

“ We’re doomed to part, my Harp and I,
And each must yield to destiny.”

LIKE the night-breeze that comes o’er summer flowers,
Thy strains have been to me in lonely hours ;
Heralds of hope—soft soothers of despair,
Rapture to sense—oblivion to care.
But now we part, and I, from other strings
Must draw forgetfulness of secret stings,
And thou, unmindful of the hands that strike,
Wilt give to other hearts, to *all* alike,
Those joys of sadness, that bewitching tone
Once sweet and sacred to my griefs alone.
Oh ! would that I, where’er I roam, could gain
Like thee, an audience to a soul-breathed strain !
Give out the music of the mind within,
Nor have each discord registered as sin.
Win from the world’s great mart a voice to heal,
An ear to listen, and a heart to feel ;
A voice that would not every sorrow blame,
As though from wickedness or vice it came ;
An ear that would not gladly turn away,
Or *seem* to listen, when in fact astray ;
A heart, though blessed itself, alive to feel
What *not of blest* another’s could reveal ;
Yet I, like thee, my harp, unmoved the while
By frown, or keen critique, or caustic smile—

Like thee, unmindful of the *who* or *where*,
The hands that touch thee, or the ears that hear ;
Like thee, 'mid joy and revelry unblest,
Like thee, not useless, but like thee, at rest !

But, my poor harp, if e'er we meet again,
I shall but have to tell fresh tales of pain.
I feel a prophet, while I say it must
Be thus with me, though Hope would whisper "Trust."
Fears of a selfish world are now, to me
What dews of dungeon vaults would be to thee ;
Thy strings, once like the fibres of my heart,
Untuned, unequal to their former part,
Thou wouldst be nothing. Gone-by lays would seem
The baseless fabrics of some lying dream,
And thou wouldst feel (if feel thou couldst) the pain
Of memory on thee as an iron chain ;
And thy free spirit, by its ceaseless brave,
Subdued, prostrated, changed into a slave.
Oh ! thought of pain ! the everlasting soul
Subjected to the fierce but weak control
Of thread-like sorrows ! Supreme Almighty mind !
Touch them with flame—let them no longer bind !
As morning clouds, by thy empyrean ray,
Let them be scattered, and a purer day
Shine on my mental vision, that my mind
Long with this "rearward darkness"—all but blind,
May now, and to the end, undazzled see
Truth, beauty, peace and love enthroned with *Thee* !
Turn, as it oft to mundane things before
Has turned, with ardour—delve for brighter ore
And in the crucible of thought refine
All that it brings, till heart and soul are *Thine*.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

LORENZO *enters, speaking to UGO, a youthful page, who follows him timidly, and in tears.*

LORENZO.

THOU weepst, Ugo. Is it, then, a grief
To leave a home where poverty abides,
And dwell in palaces? A home, where Care
Hath found a resting-place, and Want a nook
To pine in! Why, boy, thy grateful mother
Spoke of thy coming hither as a boon.

UGO.

Perchance to her it is.

LORENZO.

And not to thee?

UGO.

Oh! pardon, good and gracious lord, these tears.
'Tis the first time I ever left the side
Of my dear mother—ever left the home
Which you so faithfully describe, but which
To me was as a paradise. My hand
There culled life's choicest flowers—my heart had love,
My eyes were free from tears. But now, I feel
As if my sorrows ne'er could have an end.

[*He weeps afresh.*]

LORENZO (*moved, but with energy*).

Thy sorrows ! *thine*,—they are the summer dew,
Which are dispersed ere noon, by the bright sun—
As the dark drops of dungeon walls are mine,
Waiting the north wind Death to make them colder.

UGO.

Have you, the Lord Lorenzo, sorrow known ?
The owner of a palace ! Why, I thought
Nothing but bliss came near you. My dear lord,
We both have been deceived by outward show ;
My happy home to you, seemed misery,
Yours to me, seemed happiness complete.

LORENZO.

Error, all error ! From the mountain's base
We see all objects greater than they are,
While from its summit, men and all things else
Diminish into specks. Boy, this applies
To station, be content with *thine*.

UGO.

I am,
At least I fain would be so, gracious lord—
But——

LORENZO.

Thy mother's farewell lingers in *thine* ear,
And hath a ceaseless echo in *thy* heart ;
The grief is natural and beseems *thy* years.
But, Boy, youth hath no sorrow, or hath none
That seems as such, to those who know how deep,
How bitter are the draughts of after-life.
Mark well my words, I do not say of age,

For, if they came not till the sluggish blood
Had slower movement, till no pulses throbbed
Ev'n to affection's hope, and the fine nerve
Had ceased to tremble at a shadowed grief
Which nothing but itself forefelt or saw,
(Just as the aspen bends before the breeze
Where all beside is still) who could complain?
All this, would be the natural course of things,
The full ear bending to the sickle's stroke,
The rosy apple stooping to be plucked.

UGO.

And are there, then, worse sorrows, greater griefs
Than those, which falling on the palsied frame
Elicit tears and sympathy from all?—
Is there yet deeper woe, than that which comes
O'er the young heart, like blight on summer flowers,
Checking all promise, eating to its core,
And making Heaven's gifts, the precious sun,
Pure air, the gentle rain and dew all vain—
No bloom, no glory, even to be hoped for?
Oh! my good lord! let me at least believe
That worse than this awaits nor me nor others.

LORENZO.

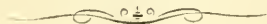
Let thee believe it!—why, thou must and wilt
Till life hath done its office, and by facts
Taught thy young heart what now it startles from.
'Tis a poor privilege, but be it thine,
To think thy sorrows greater than they are;
But yet, forget not, there are greater still.
For thy own sake forget not—thus perchance
The edge of after-sorrows thou mayst blunt.

UGO.

Oh ! I cannot !—years, that to the heart
Bring such fierce fuel as you have talked of,
Bring too a quenching power ! Age rarely grieves,
Rather doth it forget of youthful woe
The nature and intensity.

LORENZO.

Most true. High wisdom, cureless apathy,
Shelter old age from suffering. This I said,
Or deemed I said but now, a moment since.
Boy, listen ! the pang, the deathlike struggle
With the soul, occurs when thick misfortunes
Fall like a torrent on our middle life ;
On that ripened hour when our energies
Rise highest, and the heart's founts are deepest ;
When the fair flow'rs that garlanded our youth
Have fallen to the earth and withered *there*—
And from our own experience we learn
That what hath been, can never be again !
Boy, I repeat, as yet, thou hast no sorrow !



L I N E S

(WRITTEN AT FRASCATI, 1844).

AT Frascati a PRIE DIEU is shown, which belonged to the late Princess Borghese. It was the gift of a friend, and on it were embroidered these words, "C'est mon plaisir."

OH words of sweet remembrance 'broidered here
 By friendship's hand for one to Heaven dear,
 Dwell ever in my heart, and be to me
 As living fragrance in my memory !
 Thrice happy they, who can sincerely say,
 My pleasure is, O God, to pray to Thee !
 Thy name, sweet lady, though I knew thee not,
 Brings back a friendship ne'er to be forgot,
 Memory of one who, with the righteous trod,
 And who, like thee, found pleasure in her God.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

HARK ! let all noises cease,
 All, save the wind's low sighing—
 Near, and around be unbroken peace
 For the dear old year is dying !

He gave both hope and fear,
 Shared grief and mirth with all ;
 Then grudge not a sigh to the dying old year
 Whom no power can e'er recall !

How Phoenix-like he dies !
 See, from his ashes springing,
 A shadowy form that in darkness lies,
 And we know not what he's bringing.

Whatever it may be,
 Of gladness or of sorrow,
 We'll welcome give, with souls brave and free,
 And bid him a blithe good-morrow.

Then hail to thee, New Year !
 In shadows dark now lying,
 We bid thee hail, with a clarion clear,
 While the dear old year is dying.

THE VOICE.

I DREAMED—thank Heaven, 'twas but a dream!—
 That I last night was standing near thee.
 I spoke of love, but thou didst seem
 Neither to heed nor hear me.

I gazed upon thy glorious brow,
 The glance for long encountered thine ;
 But colder than the mountain snow
 It nothing said to mine.

Then anguish came—imagined woe
 In waking dreams or those of sleep
 Is sharp and deep, as sufferers know,
 Who e'er have waked to weep.

I wept—but soon a voice I heard
 (From my own heart it seemed to roll)
 That softly uttered many a word
 As it would fain console.

Still, all the words that met my ear,
 Like sharp and poisoned poniards fell,
 That voice said, “Love him not—for ne'er
 Will love *his* bosom swell.”

And more, yet with consummate art
Revealed that voice in gentle tone,
"Thou think'st him good ; but ah ! his heart
Is hard as Parian stone."

And I believed—and now, awake,
Dark fears within my bosom teem—
And vainly still I strive to break
The thralldom of that dream.

Sometimes I to the truth would turn
And ask, if thou insensate art ?
And quick recoil, lest I should learn
Aught that would grieve my heart.

Oh no ! if day is changed to night,
And I am flung from height of bliss,
Let not to me one holy light
Reveal the drear abyss.

Let me not know that I could give
My heart away to apathy ;
In doubt, in silence, let me live,
In ignorance let me die !



L I N E S

WRITTEN ON MY LAST VISIT TO T * * * * *, NOV. 3.

ON once familiar scene I look,
 And find therein, as in a book
 Of holy record, *all the past* !
 I look, and know that look the last.
 And wish, and weep, and pray in vain
 That what once *was* might be again.

But not in selfish spirit *now*
 Springs in my heart such idle woe.
 O'er others' sorrow, others' love,
 More deep than aught that I can prove,
 I muse, and grieve, and half forget
 The homage of my own regret !

Yet well to me may what hath been
 Come back with pain in this fair scene.
 Remembrance from surrounding things
 Fond registries of kindness brings,
 'Till scarce a spot in hall or bower,
 But hath for me its tale of power.

The one unfailing friend, whose worth
 Is rarely equalled on this earth,
 Prepared for mansions of the blest,
 Is taken to his heavenly rest.
 For *him* in his eternal home
 God's kingdom is already come !

Then not for him, the sad regret
That on my heart its seal hath set ;
And not for him alone the tear
That will not bear repression here :
For oh ! on all I gaze I find
Affection's history defined.

The filial thought that cannot cease,
The holy grief that seeketh peace,
On each beloved and well-known face
In lineaments of love I trace ;
But with the hope that's fixed on high
The love that clings to what must die !

Oh, saddest thought ! yet not forgot,
How much more sad if death were not !
Death's power can crush the human heart,
But doth not reach the immortal part—
The exiled soul on earth must strive
But wings its way to Heaven to live !



TO MRS. G * * * ON HER BIRTHDAY.

OH ! could I frame a song with art,
 To charm the ear, or touch the heart,
 Or unadorned truths reveal,
 And simply write, what now I feel—
 I would not, lady ! let to-day
 Unheeded pass away.
 No, I would paint thee as thou art,
 Thy mind, thy soul, should have their part,
 And my imperfect lines should be
 A mirror of thy worth and thee !
 Even as a stream in sunshine gliding
 Where heaven itself is seen abiding—
 There, in thy own bright colouring drest
 The friends who know and love thee best
 No trait should find they could gainsay—
 No touch, no hue, to wish away,
 Yet see thee perfectly designed
 As sweet, and fair, and good, and kind,
 As to their hearts thou long hast shown
 And as thou'rt pictured on my own.

W—— said to-day, speaking of education, “that nine-tenths of that which we receive is not only useless but harmful ;” but he could not suggest any mode of obtaining the tithe of good he admitted was acquired, separated from the evil. May it not be presumed to be as necessary as chaff to corn, which protects, but hurts it not, and is soon scattered ? Or to the chrysalis covering of the butterfly ? Once emancipated, the winged creature necessarily leaves the husk behind.

ON RECEIVING A ROSE FROM BERRY HILL.

To other eyes this blushing rose
 Would but a blushing rose appear—
 Her tints would only tints disclose ;
They would but see her as she shows
 Most beauteous, but not dear.

But oh ! to me how many things
 She tells of past and future hours !
 Her hues seem stolen from Joy's bright wings,
 Her fragrance breathes of Memory's springs,
 And Hope's eternal bowers !

I think of *her* now far away—
 I see her pensive, still and sad,
 And anxious thoughts, like clouds that stray
 O'er summer sun, absorb the ray
 That would have made me glad.

I think again, and oh ! once more
 All is as we had never parted ;
 The hills, the vales I wander o'er,
 Where with her I have roamed before,
 Confiding and lighthearted.

Her *home*—its sloping lawn, the flowers
 That by herself were loved or planted—
 All, all bring back with magic powers
 To fancy's eye the *real* hours
 Her presence so enchanted.

My rose ! thy course was meant to be
Brief as the sigh our childhood heaves ;
But evermore henceforth to me,
More sweet than living fragraney,
Will be thy withered leaves !

S O N G .

TO THE TUNE OF "HERMILIE."

Girl of my heart,
We must not part,
Waltzing with thee, is such pleasure to me ;
Now we go round
Oh ! how profound
Joy is to me, waltzing with thee !

Not that thou'rt fair
Do I declare,
Girl of my heart, we will not part ;
Nor to deceive,
Bid thee believe
Waltzing with thee, is such joy to me !

'Neath snows of age
Love writes a page
Bright with life's light as thy eyes to-night ;
Girl of my heart,
We must not part,
Waltzing with thee, is such pleasure to me !

Beauty and Love,
Twin-like may move,
But beauty flies, true love ne'er dies ;
Girl of my heart,
We must not part,
Waltzing with thee, is such pleasure to me !

'Tis that thou'rt dear,
True, and sincere,
Waltzing with thee, is such pleasure to me ;
Girl of my heart,
We will not part,
Waltzing with thee, is such pleasure to me !

BLACK EYES AND BLUE EYES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTOLA).

To contest fierce and high dispute
The gentlest things are prone ;
We cannot give a reason why,
Except that they, like you and I,
Have wills and tempers of their own.

Blue eyes, we know, are soft as heaven,
But even *they* can argue,
And once they said to eyes as bright
As they themselves, but black as night,
“ *We* win more hearts than you do.”

Black eyes at first were startled—

They knew their own dominion ;
But as they stood in the crystal light
Of their opponents, they felt there might
Be others of their opinion.

“ Black eyes,” said the Blue, “ are proud ;”
“ And blue,” said the Black, “ can rove ;”
“ We are reflections of Heaven,” said Blue,
“ And we,” said they of the midnight hue,
“ Are torches veiled by love.”

“ Pallas—Juno—both had blue.”
“ I grant ; but what had Venus ?”
“ Come, say no more, we both will go
To Cnidus, and Love, I very well know,
Will settle the point between us.”

To Cnidus they went, and there received
This judgment in Cupid’s writing—
“ Beauty in colour disdains to dwell,
She lives in the eyes that most readily tell
The thoughts of the heart’s inditing.”



TRANSLATION
OF AN
EXTRACT FROM "L'ELEGIE DE MARIE."

(BY MADAME WALDOR).

"O! yes, my God!—'tis he—'tis he—
 Whom I have yearned, but scarcely hoped to see ;
 But hush ! he sleeps, my name's perhaps breathed by
 him,
 Unthinking that I'm nigh him.
 Smile now I can, as erst, in other years—
 Forgotten are all tears—
 My sorrow is a dream that's flown,
 My happiness is not o'erthrown !
 'Twas but a storm, by which earth's flowers
 Are bent, not crushed. Heaven no longer lowers ;
 And yet, but yesterday, I said,
 When I saw evening close,
 And I had seen him not—" Would I were dead !"
 But, I had waited long in silence drear,
 And vainly waited—and now Fate bestows
 The blessing prayed for—he is here !
 Oh ! wherefore should I tremble ? or repine
 That the bright gift of beauty is not mine ?
 What ! though when shivering 'neath a wintry sky
 A white rose is less pale than I—
 Will not my love transfuse my form with light,
 And must I not grow beauteous in his sight ?

But let me wait—he wakes! ”
And near him, hidden, Marie gently takes
Her station, trembling with profound attention,
Sudden, her beating heart transforms to stone,
She hears her lover’s voice distinctly mention
A name, in accents soft, but not her own !

S O N G .

SING to me to-night,
For my spirit is light,
And I dream but of bright-coming hours,
And I ask for a lay,
Both gladsome and gay,
That may breathe but of sunshine and flowers.

The sorrow and tears
Of my by-gone years
All pangs by the world ever given,
From my soul fade away,
Like the clouds of to-day,
And I see but the brightness of Heaven !

Then sing, sing to-night,
Let lays soft as light,
For the moment enliven our bowers,
And let the glad strain
Come again and again,
To encourage this spirit of ours.

LET ME REST.

(ALTERED FOR SINGING, FROM A POEM BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT).

SHE doth well, who doth her best ;
 Is she weary ? let her rest.
 Brothers, I have done my best ;
 I am weary, I would rest.

After anguish, grief, and pain,
 After striving long in vain
 Hoping to attain the best,
 Brothers, brothers, let me rest !

I would rest ; but lay me low,
 Where the hedge-side roses blow,
 Where the ring-dove builds her nest,
 There, oh ! brothers, let me rest.

Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod,
 Where the old woods worship God,
 Brothers ! poor hath been my best ;
 But I'm weary, let me rest.

SONG.

(TO A GERMAN AIR).

SLEEP, sleep, how may I bind thee !
 Rest, rest, where can I find thee ?
 The world it is dreary,
 And I, oh ! I'm weary,
 Weary, weary, weary and lone !

Sleep, sleep, why dost thou fly me ?
Rest, rest, wherefore defy me ?
I come from afar,
Like a wandering star,
Wandering, wandering ever alone !

Sleep, sleep, shed thy dews o'er me ;
Rest, rest, calmly restore me.
My poor heart is sighing,
As though I were dying,
Dying, dying, dying alone !

S O N G .

“IF THOU ART HAPPY, 'TIS ENOUGH FOR ME.”

Go, if thou wilt, but oh ! in going, hear
One parting phrase, the last I give to thee ;
Where'er thou wand'rest be these words held dear,
“If *thou* art happy, 'tis enough for me !”

Enough for me, though with an aching heart
I tread life's wilderness apart from thee ;
In this world's bliss I ask no dearer part,
“If *thou* art happy, 'tis enough for me !”

HYMN.

(COMPOSED FOR THE OPENING OF TRINITY CHURCH, GRAY'S
INN LANE, LONDON, AND SUNG THERE).

LORD of Might and God of Power !

Met within this holy fane,
Finite creatures of an hour,
Endless mercy seek to gain !
Hallelujah ! God of Power
Consecrate to us this hour !

Penitent we here repair,

And before thy altar kneel,
Here to pour the fervent prayer,
Here thy chastening truth to feel.
Hallelujah ! God of Power,
Consecrate to us this hour !

All our sins and errors past,

All our griefs and all our woe,
On a Saviour's love we cast,
Taught by thee that love to know.
Hallelujah ! God of Power,
Consecrate to us this hour !

With thy sacred word, oh ! give

Faith and meekness, truth and love,
Let us as disciples live
Of the Christ who reigns above.
Hallelujah ! God of Power,
Consecrate to us this hour !

Let us dry the mourner's tear,
 Let us unto all be just ;
 Let us live as pilgrims here,
 Proving that in God we trust.
 Hallelujah ! God of Power,
 Consecrate to us this hour !

L I N E S.

ON READING "THE GOLDEN VIOLET," BY "L. E. L." IN WHICH
 A BARD GIVES THIS INSTRUCTION TO WOMAN—

“ And, *one* spell, all spells above—
 Never let her own her love ! ”

If this spell were the iron tie
 To bind man's faith, inconstancy
 Had never on this earth been known ;
 For never yet did woman own—
 If she loved well—the thousandth part
 Of love abiding in her heart.
 Much, much she may, in fondness say,
 Much too, in grief reveal,
 Her joy may be a tell-tale ray,
 She cannot all conceal.
 But never yet did the frankest heart
 Its all of tender love impart.
 Deep, deep within its inmost core
 A fountain of sweet thoughts is playing,
 And round its border evermore
 Bright groups of wingèd Loves are straying.

The gushing waters never rise,
But straight into the woman's eyes
These active Cupids take the treasure ;
And lovers, who have skill and leisure,
May find some histories there revealed
That to the world are volumes sealed.
But words are *not*, that could unfold
The changes in that fountain old.
Sometimes as clear as crystal spring
In purest sunshine glittering,
Anon, its waters, low and drear,
Threaten at once to disappear.
Despair hath, then, a stubborn hold,
The heart can only woe behold,
And throws a dark unconscious shade
O'er hopes that Love himself displayed.
The fount too often warmly flows
While *manner* doubt and coldness shows ;
For woman's love and woman's fear,
Though ever separate, still are near.
And ev'n herself could not tell why,
 While fondly loved, within her breast,
Like cloud upon a summer sky,
 A jealous fear will oft-times rest.
The clouds will fall in summer rain,
Reviving forest glade and plain ;
But woman's tears will not remove
The pain that oft-times springs from love.

THE CHIEF'S LAMENT.

“Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one.”

THE chief had won a victor's fame,
 By deeds on the battle plain ;
 And no foul act on his glorious name
 Had left ignoble stain.
 But he lived too long ; for he lived to be
 In this dreary world alone ;
 He lived to ask, who will mourn for me ?
 And to hear his heart say “None.”

For thirty years his joy had been
 To descant on his race ;
 But now of all his warrior men
 The earth retained no trace.
 Four beauteous sons, all nobly brave,
 Were once his vaunt and pride ;
 But he scarce could say he knew their grave,
 Or the spot on which they died.

He found indeed the fatal field
 Where they had fought and fell,
 And where the foe had been said to yield,
 'Twas *there* he said he'd dwell.
 He watched the spot when the morning bird
 Salutes the early light.
 And his plaint of woe, alas ! was heard
 Blent with sobs through the tedious night.

“ My brave, brave sons ! the righteous stars
Shine brightly o’er my head ;
But one thought all their brightness mars,
You ’re in your narrow bed.
Well may I weep—well may I weep !
The young have ceased to be ;
In their graves the young and the good now sleep
Who should have wept for me.

“ My brave, brave sons ! this weight of woe
From my soul will not depart.
It lessens not by the ceaseless flow
Of tears from an old man’s heart.
My grief is fixed—yet not alone
Weep I, my sons, for ye—
I weep, alas ! that when I am gone
You will not weep for me !

“ Logan hath been a happy man,
My sons, ’twas by your worth ;
’Twas with your lives my bliss began,
And now you ’re laid in earth !
My blessing still to all I give
As if I all could see ;
As if my sons were still alive
And all could weep for me.”

SONG.

TO UNA—SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY HER LOVER.

BELIEVE me, I should feel it sin,
 Thy beauties to be ever praising,
 My Una ! did no mind within
 Those angel eyes still keep me gazing.

And I should blush to call thee fair,
 Or praise the tints that grace thy cheek,
 Did not those tints while mantling there,
 Thy inward soul of feeling speak.

Yet wert thou only, only fair,
 Unmarked, I feel thou hadst not moved,
 I still had praised thy graceful air,
 Perchance I even might have loved.

Yes, loved ! but how unworthy thee,
 Such passion of my soul had been—
 Like lightning's flash to cease to be,*
 Had fairer creature stepped between.

And not as now—when love of thee
 With every pulse of life is blent,
 And like the sun's light on the sea
 Brightens the darkly element.

* "Too like the lightning that doth cease to be
 Ere one can say it lightens."—SHAKESPEARE.

S O N G .

(TO THE TUNE OF "EVELYN'S BOWER).

OF Hope, with golden hair,
 So blithe and debonair,
 Poets old and new have both said and sung in vain ;
 But I will now declare
 Her Protean shape and air,
 If you'll condescend to listen to my strain, my strain !

To the babe she is a rattle,
 To the soldier she's a battle,
 To the hero "pomp and circumstance" and victory !
 To the poor man she is wealth,
 To the sick man she is health,
 To the pris'ner and the slave she is liberty !

To the maiden, she discovers
 A host of ardent lovers,
 And becomes a wedding-ring to charm her sight ;
 To the youth just leaving college
 She ceases to be knowledge,
 And takes the angel form of some fairy sprite.

To the sot she is a dram,
 To the gourmand becomes ham,
 Or turtle, or John Dory, as may suit him best—
 Her form it is so pliant !
 To the lawyer she's a client,
 While to misers she is gold in an iron chest.

To the doctor she's a fee,
 To the parson, a degree
 Of Theology or Arts, or a mitre O!
 To the sportsman she is game,
 To the poet wreaths of fame
 Just steeped in Castal's fount to make them brighter O!

L I N E S

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO SAID HE THOUGHT "A WOMAN'S
 AFFECTION FOR HER HUSBAND WOULD BE STRONGER
 AND MORE ENDURING, IF SHE HAD NEITHER FATHER,
 NOR MOTHER, NOR SISTER, NOR BROTHER TO LOVE."

Oh! wrong her not, a woman's heart
 Of many loves can bear a part.
 As dear would be a lover's name,
 Though unforgot a mother's claim.
 As true her soul, as fixed her mind,
 Should duty there a shelter find,
 And fond as sweet might be her smile,
 Though brothers, too, were loved the while.
 A sister's tenderness might be
 Shrined in a heart that worshipped thee,
 Familiar in affection's lore,
 And thou—*thou* only loved the more.

Then darken not life's one bright chain
 Of soft affections, nor disdain,
 Shouldst such thou find, devoid of art,
 Already writ in woman's heart.
 Oh, no! believe each added link
 Into all worthier souls would sink

To strengthen love for thee—its name
Were else to woman word of blame.
The holy lights of early years,
Endeared by time, undimmed by tears,
Passion may not put out, yet be
Guileless and pure, and worthy thee !

Like stars within a sunlit sky,
Still must they keep their vigils high ;
Still *be*, though veiled by glorious light,
What, if revealed, would charm the sight.
Their station fixed, their duty known,
Seen, cherished by the heart alone,
Yet only prized and only viewed
As gentle ministers of good.
Thus, thus believe, round woman's heart,
Would less affections play their part,
Her dearest thoughts for others be
Subservient to her love for thee !

Life's early flowers would not disgrace
Love's best and fairest dwelling-place ;
Though paled by those of deeper hue,
Yet fragrant still, and lovely too,
When round his altar they entwine
More bright, more blest becomes the shrine.
Fade, fade they must, but leave in death
A soft perfume, a living breath,
That like remembered strains can fling,
Fresh radiance round each treasured thing,
And would to love once felt for thee,
Transfix the pledge of constancy !

I SAW HER ONCE.

I SAW her once—she stood as stone,
 And still as Death appears ;
 She did not weep, for she was one
 Had nought to do with tears ;
 Yet all her form bespoke the blight
 Of anguish never sleeping ;
 And in her eye there shone a light
 Far worse to bear than weeping.

Her left arm bore a sleeping child,
 Her right hand led another ;
 But, had not that young creature smiled
 And called on her as mother,
 I had not thought that one so young
 Had known a parent's woe or gladness ;
 Yet they, like her, in robes were hung
 Of more than orphan sadness !

Of all the human sights I know,
 And I have seen a varied host,
 An infant clad in weeds of woe
 Affects my heart the most.
 Bright spring flowers with the yew-tree twined,
 Or jewels on a marble tomb,
 Are not so sad, so ill-combined,
 As infancy and gloom !

STANZAS.

(ON VISITING A WELL-REMEMBERED SPOT).

FAINTER and fainter still
 Remembrance comes
 As time wears on,
 Yet still doth come, and will
 Till time is gone.

Oh, endless love ! what store
 Of bliss and woe
 Thy memory gives !
 Each word of thy deep lore
 For ever lives !

All vainly doth the heart
 That well has loved
 Seek to forget—
 The silent stars have part
 In its regret.

To them, perchance, the eye
 Gratefully turned
 When hope was new,
 And the heart's secret tie
 Gave to their view.

Sacred and 'secret too,
 From that lone hour
 The tie became
 Which time could ne'er undo,
 Nor breath defame.

Spring flowers can unite
A thousand thoughts
 Remembered well,
That pen could ne'er indite
 Nor whisper tell.

Oh ! if the millionth part
To one loved ear
 Were indeed told,
Unmoved might be the heart,
 But not all cold.

Some gentle thought would rise
From its low depths.
 That thus to pain
A heart could idolize,
 Yet love in vain.

WILD FLOWERS.

I HAVE rescued some flowers from death—
Such flowers as Nature's hand rears,
In secret to fan with her breath,
In silence to bathe with her tears.
And when man and the world laugh to scorn
The precepts her lips would disclose,
She turns to the woodbine and thorn,
And weeps o'er the bindweed and rose.
And the dew-drops of morn on their leaves,
Ere brushed off by Zephyr's light elves,
Are tears of a mother who grieves
O'er her children less pure than themselves.

ANNIE.

“Believe in immortality!—How can we love if we decay?”

J. P. RICHTER.

WHY should I weep? for tears will not restore thee!

Gone, is not gone, dead is not dead, for aye.

Dear one! no earthly woe can now befall thee,

I feel thy spirit is with God to-day!

Let this console—else it were idle dreaming

To talk of virtue, and of high intent;

Conscience to thee was not a world-born seeming,

But a monition from thy Maker sent!

And thou, all-conscious of its deep revealing,

From childhood's hour obeyed its true behest,

Steeped ever in its fount each anxious feeling

That now in Heaven with thy God hath rest.

SONNET.

“ A mirar il tuo divino aspetto—
 Uno stimol perpetuo m’incita
 E tanto piacere n’ho, tanto diletto
 Ch’io paio il ferro, e tu la calamita.”

FAST in my soul unnumbered questions rise
 That still must dark and unresolved remain,
 For some might ask, why ever in those eyes
 I sought, or still would seek, favour to gain.
 But who the subtle mystery may explain
 That thought and heart and memory enslave,
 And binds in an indissoluble chain
 Each evanescent hope that love e’er gave?
 Who shall reveal why I thy image wear
 More like thyself, more exquisite to view
 In my mind’s eye, more faithful and more fair
 Than sculptor ever carved or artist drew?
 Alas! unloving hearts could but reprove
 The coldest could but say, they know not love.

S O N N E T .

“ Est-il trop tard d'aimer ! ”

It is not late to love, if o'er thy heart
 The world hath no unfair advantage taken,
 And for vile dross at its unholy mart
 The ore from thee of pure affection shaken.
 It is not late, if the bright eye of love
 When seeking thine, doth sink into thy soul,
 And like a sun live there and ne'er remove,
 Though thousand thunders round thy life may roll.
 Nor is it late if you sincerely feel
 That you had rather be to one endeared,
 And near him dwell, and by him ever kneel,
 Than as earth's mightiest potentate be feared.
 Oh, no ! Love ever was life's sweetest rose,
 And late or early sweetly doth uncloze.

SONNET.

“ Il miser suole,
ar facile credenza a quel che vuole.”

If easily my heart to love incline,
 Oh ! never say presumption bears it on ;
 I dare not think that I have conquered thine,
 Albeit my own irrevocably is gone.
 When I would call it back, it scarce will come,
 But like a foolish bird that *would* be free
 (Yet makes a close-barred cage its chosen home)
 Flies with an eager pinion back to thee !
 If I have hope, 'tis but of little worth,
 And springs from wishes blending with dark fears.
 Such hope, alas ! is not of halcyon birth,
 It looks like sunshine, but presages tears—
I know this truth ! but, with the tempest-tost,
 Still hope the firmest while I suffer most.

SONNET.

TO A DEAR FRIEND WHO HAD SUFFERED FROM THE SMALLPOX.

IT is but veiled, my love, and not departed,
 Thy beauty's dazzling and attractive ray,
 Else, were thy friends around all broken-hearted,
 Not smiling on thee, as thou seest to-day !
 Yet, for themselves, not once would they complain ;
 For thou to them, less fair, would be as dear,—
 They still would seek thy smiles, thy love to gain—
 Still bend the music of thy voice to hear.
 What, then had been thy loss?—the idler's sighs,
 Who gives to that which perisheth his praise,
 Who loves alone of beauty that which dies,
 And hath no eye for that which ne'er decays.
 To him, the better beauties of thy mind
 Sounds to the deaf had been, or colours to the blind.

SONNET.

“ Il y a une passion qui ferme l'âme à toutes
Les misères qui tourmentent les gens du monde.”

THE time hath been, when ev'n the season's change,
Excess of cold, the wind in east or north,
Or more of heat than common, would derange
My temper's sufferance, and complaint call forth.
And I have oft, with supercilious ear,
Disclaimed the social every-day discourse,
And sighed 'mid common-place remarks, to hear
Reason's pure voice, or wit's resistless force ;
But this is o'er—no longer I complain
Of minor evils—all is changed to me ;
The dullest converse cannot give me pain,
For nothing do I hear or see but thee !
When absent near thee, and when near thee blest,
Yet doth my heart seem poisoned with unrest.

SONNET.

“ Is human love the growth of human will ? ”

IF human love could be by human will
 Commanded, now to worship, now to hate,
 If Lethe were not an imagined rill,
 And *could* remorseful gone-by pangs abate ;
 Yet should not once my heart my will obey,
 Were my will's hest that I should love thee not ;
 Nor would I one fond record wash away,
 Although unloved by thee or ev'n forgot.
 For lovers cannot look with common eyes,
 Nor can or heavy or light faults descry,
 They thus may doat where others might despise,
 Mock at all censure and reproof defy.
 Love's chain may clank to sounds of misery,
 Yet few would loose it, even to be free.

SONNET.

REMEMBERED every thorn, the flowers forgot,
 I weave the one and let the other fade,
 For sympathy to beg, am not afraid,
 And talk to others of a hapless lot !
 But, 'tis unwise: the best, the truest friend,
 Unless some new affliction bow your breast,
 Will scarcely with one drop of pity part.
 But smile, quote moralist, and *bid you mend !*
 When, then, the bitter of your cup of woe
 Springs to the top, lend not a voice to thought,
 But to some lonely wilderness resort,
 And there alone permit it to o'erflow.
 Breathe in that solitude thy woe-fraught prayer,
 And strength and comfort gain—for God is there !

SONNET.

IF I of beauty e'er o'erprize the light,
It is not for the fair and just array
Of features, or the tints of red and white
That nature on sweet faces doth display,
Nor yet for dimpled smile upon the cheek,
Nor clustering ringlets of luxuriant hair
That in or ebon or in auburn fair
The idle winds on lovely head do seek.
For none of these alone, or ev'n combined,
Did I e'er beauty love, but that the mind
Doth sometimes stand transfigured in the face ;
And when I've gazed its characters to trace,
Hath seemed to me a revelation given
To lead the heart and thought from it to Heaven !

SONNET.

ON READING IN J. P. RICHTER, "TO OUR HEARTS IT IS THE SAME, WHETHER OUR BELOVED ONE DIES, OR MERELY HIS LOVE DISAPPEAR."

No, not the same ! for love while it doth last,
 Is as the life of life, and when it dies
 In the loved heart, for us all joy is past,
 More than 'twould be if he were in the skies.
 For where the best love is death cannot kill
 The hope it leaves of being re-united.
 Beheld in starry light, the dear one still
 Shines on our dreary path, howe'er benighted.
 But when the love doth die, or what love seemed,
 In life or death, no hope of bliss remains
 A home of rest, the grave is scarcely deemed,
 So endless show the anguish of love's pains.
 Back on itself the mourning soul is thrown,
 To feel, to suffer, and repent alone.

SONNET.

ON SEEING "TIME AWAKENING FAME," BY DOMENICHINO.

CAN Fame then slumber? Oh! false, false report!
 She hath no sluggard heart that needs reposing,
 Her ear and eye are ever kept from closing
 By deeds, and words, and works of high import,
 This was but painted then, in idle sport,
 By him whose brows are wreathed by her decree,
 For none who ever prized her deathless court,
 Would make her, Time! a vassal unto thee!
 Yet thou hast mighty power! and many a name
 Loudly trumped forth, through thee hath died away
 Thy forceful scythe, their weakness overcame
 The sprinkling of thy sands obscured their ray;
 But for the rich* in mind, and worthy memory,
 Ere they depart, thyself oh, Time! must die.

* "Ricchi nomi degna, di memoria."—ARIOSTO.

SONNET.

(FROM DANTE).

OH ! wherefore is thy struggling soul depressed,
 And why do now thy feeble footsteps cease ?
 Bear fearless onward, nor e'er let the peace,
 The radiant sunshine of the immortal breast
 Be broken by what idle tongues can say.

Be like the mighty tower that doth not bend
 Its lofty top, though round it there may play
 The fiercest storms, or gentlest winds descend.
 Let not thy eddying thoughts, with traitor force,
 Of vacillating powers from its course
 Divert thy mind. To that one fixed end
 To which each action of thy life should bend,
 Bring back thy gaze, and to thy fault be given
 Tears that alone can fit thy soul for Heaven !

“ Il Purgatorio,” Canto 5, line 10.

TO MY SISTER M.

(DECEMBER, 1820).

IT seems not the same world to me,
 Where I must be and thou art not,
 I feel as if some boundless sea,
 Now severed me from thee !
 I know too well from all around
 I am, indeed, transported far,
 But thought still hovers o'er the spot
 Where thou art, like some lingering star
 On ocean's bosom when the sound
 Of gathering tempest echoes far and near.
 The spirit of my soul is now become
 A restless wanderer from its native home,
 And comes and goes with an untired wing,
 As if from thee it sought to bring
 Each spell that bound it once, to deck its dwelling here.
 I bless its efforts, for each trivial thing
 Is now a gem to memory ;
 And side by side, within its stores they lie,
 Creating smiles and tears alternately,
 According as the radiant hues they bear,
 Reflect the phantom Hope, or image back Despair.

WORDS.

Sardanapalus : Those words——
Myrrha : Were words.

Yes, only words ! but full of pain
 That will not, cannot die ;
 Their import hourly thrills my brain,
 A curse to memory !

I know they were not meant to wound,
 That heedlessly they fell ;
 Then wherefore should their memory sound
 To me like friendship's knell ?

It is, that ere those words of ruth
 By lip had been pronounced,
 The utterer's heart believed them truth,
 And *me* must have renounced.

That is—all, all I once had deemed
 Myself—oh ! how I erred !
 Far, far beyond my worth esteemed,
 With all my faults preferred.

The dream is o'er, and now doth life
 An icy sea appear,
 Cold, cold with widening chasms rife,
 With mists and darkness drear.

With rocks around and clouds above,
 Beneath no sheltering dome ;
 Oh ! could or eaglet wild, or dove
 Find rest in such a home ?

Oh no ! and now my wounded soul,
 With sense of pain opprest,
 Would, as a bird, from earthly dole
 Fly far to be at rest.

TRANSLATION

OF LINES WRITTEN ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF "NIGHT,"
 WITH HIS ANSWER.

THAT "Night" thou seest here so sweetly lying
 From a rude rock was carved by Angelo,
 But though that placid look with death's is vying,
 It still hath life—speak, and 'twill tell thee so.

ANSWER.

SLEEP is sweet to me—but more sweet to know
 Myself of stone. While to this land remain
 Sorrow and shame, to see or hear were pain ;
 Therefore awake me not—speak, I beseech thee, low.

ON SEEING THE MUMMY OF A POET AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

“Il nome che piu dura, e piu onora.”—DANTE.

OF all the forms reclining here
None fills my soul like thine—
A poet's name is on thy bier,
I bow, as to a shrine.

What thou didst write is now not known,
At least not known to me,
But 'tis enough, that thou didst own
The Poet's mystery !

Thou wert, perhaps, to hearts of yore
What Shakspeare is to mine ;
Imbued with Milton's, Homer's lore,
Or Dante-like divine !

Let kings, let incense-bearers pass,*
To each be honor given,
They give back earth, as earthly glass
The Poet mirrors heaven !

* This mummy was, at the time I saw it, placed between that of an Egyptian Priest and one of the line of Sesostris.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED "L. E. L."

It is in vain we talk of death's poor power

When Genius dies,—

Tears, when it meets the irrevocable hour,

Gush from all eyes.

A loud lament, from a far distant shore,

Booms o'er the deep ;

Gone from the earth is one bright creature more—

For her we weep !

Yet, let the lip reveal its deep regret,

And memory bring,

From 'mid the sweetest flow'rets therein set,

Breathings of Spring,—

And Loves' wild words, and Passion's mad despair—

Then say, whose lyre

First wakened in their heart's mysterious lair

The living fire !

Oh ! there are many now, whom wrinkled Care

Hath made his own,

Could well reveal, were memories laid bare,

That lyre's tone.

Revealing to them what their own hearts proved,

How sweet it came !

And how, in youth, they worshipped, sought, and loved,

Th' initialled name.

L I N E S

ON SEEING THE BUST OF 'ANNIE, THEN CALLED "BABY," WHICH
DID NOT PLEASE ME.

OH ! that I had a Raphael's power
To paint thee as thou art,
As beauteous, as at this lone hour
I see thee in my heart.

Then, not alone, oh ! " Baby " dear,
Thy features would I give—
Thy lovely mind on canvas here
Should long a picture live !

I'd give thy eyes their azure hue,
And with it the bright light
That from their depths serenely through
Comes forth, to charm the sight.

I'd give thy generous look of love
The sunshine of thy face ;
Thy arch, sweet ways, that all approve,
Thy gaiety and grace.

For oft I gaze on thy sweet smile,
As on a holy scroll—
A stainless record, free from guile—
A spotless human soul !

And oft, while thus I gaze, I pray—
Thy life through coming years
May be, as shadowed forth to-day,
Thy infancy appears.

Blessing and blest, dear child, mayst thou
In womanhood combine
All virtues with what dazzles now,
And be a thing divine.

L I N E S

(INTENDED FOR MUSIC).

A ROSE had ta'en its livery on
Of summer hues, both bright and gay
It opened to the morning sun,
But shrank beneath the noon-tide ray,
And evening saw its beauties gone.
With vulgar weeds the flower was thrown ;
But scorned to mingle with their breath,
It knew and mourned its fragrance flown,
But proudly smiled—a rose in death.

THE QUESTION.

Diogenes in the summer rolled himself in the sand while the sun was shining, to accustom himself to support the heat; and in the winter, he embraced statues covered with snow to inure himself to the cold.

Oh ! wisely done, to make the frame
 In such a changeful world, as fit to bear
 The summer's scorching heat and burning sand
 As wintry air.

But wiser still, could it be done,
 'Twould be 'gainst moral change to find an art
 That would from maddening joy or dread despair
 Fast nerve the heart.

An art to make old age unfear'd,
 Death but the opening portal to the skies,
 Illusive love, as an illusion sent
 To cheat the eyes.

But if such art there were, would man
 No more by care and turmoil, peace oppose ?
 And soar sublime, from sublunary care,
 To seek repose ?

Or, would he still true rest avoid,
 Ev'n as a bird, at all times on the wing,
 And be for evermore what he hath been,
 A restless thing ?

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

OH ! since my voice offends thee,
 In silence I will die,
 But hilt and vale shall plead for me
 Whene'er they meet thine eye.
 These woods, that with thy lovèd name
 So frequently have rung,
 Shall haunt thine ear with sounds of blame,
 While mourning one so young.
 And still, while fountains weep around,
 And murmuring winds bewail—
 In silent sadness, when they sound,
 My brow shall tell the tale.
 And should all these in vain be cast
 Before thine ear and eye,
 Oh ! let my spirit feel at last,
 'Twas eloquent to die.

THE LAST CHORUS IN THE "PASTOR FIDO" OF GUARINI.

OH ! happy pair !
 Whose love was sown in tears,
 But reaped in smiles !
 What grief and care
 Through long and bitter years,
 And many artful wiles
 Did your affections bear !

Hence, mortals, vain and blind,
These truths of life may know,
That pleasures are not always kind,
Nor every *ill* a woe !
That true delights can only spring
From virtue after suffering.

LOVE.

AND what is Love ? A light
That comes from heaven in varied guise to all,
And in its rise and fall,
Swift as a meteor through the azure night ;

An ephemeral flower,
Whose beauties opening to the noon-tide ray
In silence fade away,
Ere the approach of evening's chilly hour ;

A strain of melody
Brought to the ear, we know not how,
And yet our spirits bow
Before it, when we feel its voice must die ;

A cherishing perfume,
Such as the gales of Araby will fling
When wafted by the wing
Of some loved bird from groves of orange bloom ;

An iris bright as day,
Born in the soul, whose heavenly form and hues
Breathe gladness and diffuse
Belief that thence 'twill *never* fade away—

But, oh ! too bright to last
The fair ethereal bow dissolves in air,
Leaving no record there,
Of all its beauteous tints and glory past ! *

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING POEM CALLED "LOVE."

Is this thy love ? Oh, shame
To give to thing as brief
And fading as a summer leaf,
So sweet a name !

Yet 'tis indeed a light,
That o'er the heart doth shine,
Not falling meteor-like as thine,
But always bright !

And true, it is a flower,
Fragrant and lovely too,
Not fading soon, as yours would do,
In one short hour !

* This little poem was published in the "New Monthly Magazine," when Campbell was its editor, May, 1822. It was also translated by a contributor to a French annuaire, edited by the late Mr. Tarver, of Eton College, and sent to him, as an original poem.

But, fanned by passing sigh
And cherished by a tear,
Its fragrance lives from year to year,
Its bloom for aye !

And yes ! it is a strain,
The heart will bend to hear,
From which, if we would turn our ear,
We strive in vain ;

For music's self appears
In its cadences to dwell,
And mould the soul with magic spell,
To smiles and tears.

But, I had half forgot
In saying what it *is*
To tell 'mid turns and similes
What it is *not* :

It is not in hue or form,
Like the evanescent bow,
That heralds peace to all below
Who feel life's thorn,

For its tinct is "heaven's own,"
One cloudless azure dye,
And by symbols of eternity
Its form is known.

EUDORA.

ANOTHER hour—another slow-winged hour,
 And still he comes not to Eudora's bower—
 Yet she hath waited since the morning light
 First broke upon the hills—and now the night
 Sends forth her shadows, and the evening star
 Looks down in gentle pity from afar
 On that despair which seems all hope to spurn,
 Yet oft unto the lattice doth return,
 With list'ning ear and swift-detecting eye,
 In tumult or in darkness to descry
 The faintest whisper, the obscurest sign
 Of him she hopes for. How doth fear refine
 And magnify to hearts by passion tost,
 Each sense, and that of suffering the most !
 As founts grow deeper, fed with rain from heaven,
 The power to grieve grows with the sorrow given.

Again Eudora leans upon her hand,
 Again upturns the glass, whose tell-tale sand
 When filtered through shall ne'er delude her more !
 She listens to the water's distant roar,
 And in its ceaseless cadence comfort hears ;
 It speaks unto her heart, and quells her fears.
 A nightingale is singing her sweet song
 Eudora feels, like rapture doth belong

To every thought now thrilling through her brain,
And fondly trusts she doth not love in vain.
Fresh flowers are yielding fragrance to the air,
And 'neath night's ebon shade ev'n show more fair
Than in day's ruder light. All, all is peace,
Even her heart's wild tumult seems to cease.
No false alarm now startles or relieves,
No passer's tread allures her, or deceives,
The night-winds and the music of the bird
Blent with the water's moan, alone are heard.

But changes o'er the spirit quickly rise,
Its skies are tinctured with a thousand dyes ;
And, swiftly as the forkèd lightning flings
Itself from heaven, to prey on earthly things,
Hearts, suffering hearts, will turn from bliss to pain,
Nor know, why, having ceased, they weep again.

Sudden her curls fall heavy round her brow,
And shade her eyes, that ache with anguish now,
For, bitter tears unto their lids are springing
A burden to the air, her sighs are bringing—
When, hark ! a horse's tread from far resounds,
It nearer comes, Eudora's bosom bounds,
Her hands are clasped in speechless ecstasy.
She hath no longer doubts, tis he, 'tis he !
And yet the being who in morning's hour
Plucked, as it blossomed, hope's delusive flower,
Then dashed it from her, but to take again,
With the bright bud, renewal of her pain,
Subdued, informed, now stems the impetuous course
Of certain joy, and rallies all her force.
She reasons with herself, if *this* should fail,
Oh ! what will Patience, Hope, or Love avail ?

· Could Love again a darling vision weave ?
Or Hope, the phantom e'er again deceive ?
Or Patience speak persuasion ?—Here I stay,
Too much I've been the sport of pain to-day,
Too much have tried misgivings to remove,
Too much have hoped for, from another's love.
My cruel fears to misery allied,
Quenched in my soul my all of woman's pride ;
But it shall now resume its wonted power ;
Be Pride the despot of this happy hour."

In vain the rude resolve, one moment cast
All harshness from her, she forgot the past :
Her head now rests upon her hero's breast,
And every look and word, her love attest.
She listens to regrets, and finds 'tis he
And not herself must look for sympathy.
And soon she pities where she meant to chide,
Swiftly revealing all she meant to hide.
Tells all her folly, fear and hope, and pain,
Then vows she ne'er will do the like again.
Laughs at her fancy's cheat that brought him nigh her
With every withered leaf that rustled by her.
Tells of her wish, that every sound might cease,
And yet, that silence did not bring her peace.
Her lover is not of the common herd,
He loved and prized each self-betraying word.
She listens to reproofs more sweet than praise
Heard from the lips, but seen not in the gaze,
For looks may wound ev'n while the cautious tongue
May seem with honeyed accents only hung.
The eye can contradict the hardest tone,
Or torture in a language all its own.

Eudora did not learn from vows of love,
 Appeals to aught on earth or heaven above,
 How dear she was—her lover did not say
 She was the fairest 'mid the young and gay,
 The brightest or the dearest—but she knew
 Ev'n as herself, that *he* was fond and true.
 For o'er his features, as he stood beside her
 And now caressed—and now would seem to chide her,
 There fell as she bestowed one timid kiss,
 The light of love's unalterable bliss.

CHARADE.

OF those who find my first in thee
 None willingly would rove ;
 To them my second as to me
 A dreary home would prove.

Yet, they might see, as I should do,
 Shared I with thee my whole,
 A light, life's darkness shining through
 To counsel and console.

(Answer—FRIENDSHIP).

Paris, 1830.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

“In the Orkneys a boy of two years old was carried away by an eagle in the sight of his parents, but afterwards recovered by his mother.”—Quoted from Ray, in “Bingley’s Animal Biography.”

THEY tell me o’er my Hugo’s grave,
 Repining tears must not be shed,
 Nor yew, nor funeral cypress wave
 Its mournful branches o’er his head.
 They say, that to his sinless brow,
 An angel’s crown on high is given ;
 And that a mother’s soul should bow
 Submissive to the will of Heaven.
 But they who talk have never known
 The love and joy a child can bring ;
 Have never watched when life hath flown,
 Affection’s smile yet lingering
 On the smooth cheek, where Death’s cold touch,
 Hath spoiled the lines where beauty dwelt,
 And hushed the voice whose tones were such
 In joy or woe, it well may melt
 A mother’s soul to agony,
 That she can never hear them now,
 Or smooth the brow, or meet the eye,
 Of him she loved alone below.

The only star that gleamed above
Her path on earth, and left her not—
The only trace of a widowed love
By all except herself, forgot ;
The only hope that now remained
Of many given, and many gone ;
The last, last link that still enchained
Her soul to earth—and is it flown ?
Oh yes, for ever ! but to me
He is not dead, for, deep-enshrined
Within the heart of memory
I see his beauteous form reclined ;
I hear a voice, as though 'twere near
In cadence soft and musical,
Breathe hymns of praise, and to my ear
These floating hymns of praise recall
The hour in which I first impressed
The infant soul that God had given
(Fit inmate for his sinless breast),
With thoughts of love, and hope of Heaven.
To me a never-dying hour,
An hour of joy, that sprang from woe,
An hour of praise to that high Power,
Who let his suffering creature know
The rapture of again enfolding
Her child within a warm embrace,
The triumph of once more beholding
Bliss, beaming from his father's face.
And yet 'twill scarcely true be deemed
That human nature could endure,
Much less survive, a flight that seemed
To brave the lofty cynosure.

Still it was so. The falcon came
Unfeared, unheard his silent flight,
Until o'er Hugo's trembling frame
I saw the sovereign bird alight.
Yes, saw him seize my darling child
And bear him through the fields of air,
And sunk my fears in the feeling wild
That I might still pursue him there !
Short-lived such thought, but hope yet stayed
And bade a mother's ardour try
To find the spot where her boy was laid
And kiss him living or see him die.
Then swift as light I journeyed on
To seek the spot where the wild birds dwelt ;
Where human foot had never gone,
O'er endless snows that never melt.
O'er rocks that seemed to cleave the sky—
From whose ascent the parted soul
Might wing its final flight on high—
Scenes where the mind without control
Might descant on the nothingness
Of human wonders, and compare
With the weak cry of man's distress
The sovereign eagle's note of war
Majestic in the wilderness !
Yes ! even then, when life and thought
Seemed hushed in hope or lost in fear,
These musings came, and memory caught
Their spirit blent with tones so dear
That nature's mysteries, unrevealed
To others now, or me before,
Then pierced my inmost soul and sealed
A bond to love and to adore !

To bow submissive to my lot
Whate'er my future doom might be,
That if I found my child or not,
To yield resigned, O God ! to Thee !
And Thou in mercy gav'st him back !
Long years have passed since that bright hour,
Yet still could I the path retrack
That led me to the eagle's bower.
Oh ! there I saw, indeed, my child,
And seized him with a fearful haste,
As doubtful that my sense beguiled
By scenes of death and danger past,
Had conjured up a fairy dream,
An ignis fatuus, to deceive,
Whose fatal light, and mystic gleam,
My clouded reason dared believe.
Bewildered thus, once more I fled
O'er drifted snows and chasms drear,
With step so light, the gentle tread
Could wake no murmuring echo there.
And like the musk that beats the wind
O'er Thibet's plains of trackless snows,
I left no traitorous marks behind
That could betray us to our foes.
I rested not, nor paused for breath,
Until before our cottage door
I sank as in a trance of death.
The waving of the sycamore
Seemed gladsome, as I woke to joy,
My husband's smile of bliss to see,
His gaze of rapture o'er his boy,
His tears of reverence over me.

And Hugo grew—and boyish fame
And honour, with a hand unsparing,
Had heaped upon his lowly name
Renown for deeds of noble daring.
And oft I dreamed, as oft averred,
In after-life that child would be
Superior to the common herd,
In love, and war, and minstrelsy.
And this, as long as life was lent,
He proved; and, oh! far more than this,
For in his every thought were blent
Aspirings for immortal bliss.
Aspirings sent him from above
To waft him where souls do not err,
And reconcile a mother's love
By faith, to see him snatched from her.
I will not say with unmoved eye
I saw his parting breath forsake him;
I *cannot* say I saw him die,
For false, false kindness tore me from him.
But oh! I saw his bier before me,
I heard the voice of deep lament,
I felt the garb of woe thrown o'er me,
And loved it for its sentiment.
It seemed to tell what I could not,
That he was gone I loved so well,
It seemed my passport to the spot
Where he and holy seraphs dwell.
For, if from scenes of earthly thrall
All sorrows teach the soul to part,
Shall not a mother's more than all
Lend aid to sanctify her heart?

TO THE YELLOW ESCHOLZIA.

WHY are thy petals closed, O golden flower ?

But now, I marked them open to the sun.
The blossom said, "From nature 'tis our dower
To close, not only when the day is done,
But ever also when the heavens lower,
The rain-drop and each zephyr rude to shun."

The flower bowed its head while thus replying,
And I, whilst list'ning, felt my heart beat fast !
"Oh ! would," I cried, "instead of vainly sighing,
I thus could shield me from each passing blast,
And in eternal sunshine ever lying,
Smile on the future, and forget the past.

"Oh, humble blossom ! had I but thy power,
From every pain my heart should aye be free,
To friendship only in its sunniest hour
Would I henceforward ever vassal be,
And ne'er in wintry hall or summer bower
Should Love do aught but smile, and worship me."

The flower bowed once more, as though 'twere trying
Again to speak and bid me not repine—
In gentle voice it said, and like one dying,
"Oh ! covet not so poor a power as mine !
For Heaven's best gift, while Time is o'er thee flying,
The power to bear whate'er he brings, is thine."

THE WISH.

As I have often gazed on birds when flying,
 And longed to know
 Whence they had come, and whither they were hying,
 Then wished to go.

So hath my heart, though backward turning
With thought severe,
Silently still a restless, ceaseless yearning
Of thee to hear.

And oft I say, when tears will not subside,
 Oh that some star
 Would in the heavens appear, his steps to guide
 To me from far!

Or that to me it would these truths reveal
By one bright ray,
Where now he is? What for me he doth feel?
Or of me say?

IMPROPTU

TO HARRIET J. P., WHO WAS STUNG ON THE LIP BY A BEE.

I WONDER not that the bee should spring
In eager haste to thy lovely lip ;
For I, like it, should like to sip,
But, ah ! I would not leave a sting.

A MANIAC'S SONG.

(ONCE INTENDED FOR A NOVEL).

HARK ! hark ! sweet music in the air,
 Dost thou not hear ?—it moves this way !
 Blest spirits come nearer ! yet, now forbear,
 My heart can listen no more to-day.

What gone ! oh shame, unworthy elves !
 You should have stayed though I bid you go.
 I thought bright spirits, so blest themselves,
 Had no behest but to sing to woe !

I have seen you dart through the realms above,
 On the lightning's wing in a bright gold car,
 And I deemed that when souls were estranged by love
 To soothe them you travelled from star to star.

And I thought you had come to me to sing
 For ever and ever of yon bright spheres,
 To tell me that there true love can wring,
 As here, from the heart an ocean's tears.

Mine fall—have fallen—blest spirits come near,
 And in low, low tones I will whisper why :
 But haste, oh haste ! for the thought now clear
 In anguish or darkness too soon will die !

For my memory is as a sparkling stream
That drinks in the light of a sunbright ray.
It gives back the past, in a moment's dream,
Then onward rushes, away, away !

I claim to tell what loud proclaim
Of thundering sounds my ear could mark
When none heard else—what visions came
Alone to me, ere all grew dark.

I saw one struggle for his life
Then on the dust lie prone ;
I saw, amid the battle strife,
A thousand swords to one.

I saw, when stars around were cast,
A spirit in the cloud ;
I heard its voice in the mournful blast
As one that wept aloud !

It spoke to me, that voice, of things
Long, long ago gone by—
I hear it now when the linnet sings
And when the red leaves fly.

It is loud and clear as a trumpet call,
Yet soft as a lover's sigh ;
But to me it is as a festival
To hear that voice go by !

Oh hie ! oh hie ! 'tis passing now,
My burning brain beats high,
'Twas well ! oh ! how could I foreknow
My agony so high ?

Once more, and in another scene,
I'll try to sing again;
Yes ! try to tell what the woes have been
That give me back such pain.

THE MANIAC'S SONG TO THE SPIRITS SHE IMAGINED
OFTEN CAME NEAR HER.

Oh, come to me, spirits, and tell me all
My soul would seek to know,
Let your wings, outspread like a funeral pall,
Shut out the world below !

Oh ! tell me, when darting from star to star
And singing through realms above,
Are you seeking there, as I deem you are,
Sad souls, who are mad from love ?

And now you are here, oh ! sing again, sing !
And tell me if in those spheres
Fond love and true as on earth can bring
From the heart a thousand tears ?

Does the loved one there ever turn away
From her he once held dear,
Does his heart, all former truth betray,
If a fairer form appear ?

Oh spirits ! such sorrows are here so rife,
So well are understood,
That to some, as to me, the glad boon of life
Hath ceased to be a good.

Then take me with you, kind spirits ; away
To where I could be blest !
Where far from earth and earth's dreams I could stay,
With love itself at rest !

L I N E S

(UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HAPPY FEELINGS).

A HOLY calm o'er my soul is thrown,
'T is the calm of trusting love ;
Earth's varied colours blent in one,
Like the plumage of the dove.

The gentlest lake, 'neath summer skies,
More tranquil could not be ;
My spirit is lulled, as a babe that lies
On its own blest mother's knee.

Oh ! let me not, by this hour beguiled,
Remove all fear afar ;
The lake, the dove, the sleeping child,
Are but types of what earth's things are.

To the water must come its stormy hour,
To the bird a ruffled wing ;
But who can foretell to the child its dower,
Or to *me* what time may bring ?

TO MY LONG-LOVED FRIEND,
MRS. A * * * * *, AFTER HER DEATH.

OH! thou art not of those who die unwept,
Unhonoured, unremembered! O'er thy tomb
My memory woke, and ever since hath kept
Its faithful vigil *there*, as at its home.
Dear friend! thy looks, thy smile, each gracious word
E'er uttered by thee, during bygone years,
Though always fondly cherished, now afford
Grief only to my heart, and ceaseless tears!
Yet do I prize each relic—every spot
Where thou wert ever with me, is become
A sacred shrine that ne'er can be forgot,
Filled with the one sad thought that *thou art not*.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT REQUEST FOR A FATHER TO WRITE IN HIS
DAUGHTER'S ALBUM.

COULD words a father's love reveal,
Fain would I now, dear Caroline,
To words and ev'n to verse appeal
To testify of mine.

But words are not to tell how dear
Thou long hast been and art to me—
My name alone recorded here,
Must speak my love for thee!

CH S C . . . T . N.

A F R A G M E N T.

LINES TO MRS. HEMANS, ON READING HER POEM, ENTITLED, "THE
BEINGS OF THE MIND."—N. M. M., 1828.

THE Beings of the Mind!—add, too, the Heart—
And *thou* art of them, to those, at least, who read
Thy lays, and feel what they impart!
Now, unto me, from earthly covering freed,
Thy form the vesture of immortals wears,
And o'er thy brow I place a coronal of stars!

Wonderful Being! I have never seen,
Save with my mental eye, thy human dress;
To me, as yet, a vision thou hast been—
In waking hours a dream of blessedness;
A rainbow of the cloud, by which to rise
From dross of earth, to mingle with the skies.

A smile of radiance oft descendeth o'er me—
'Tis thine, and speaks of 'rapt affection's power;
Fain would I keep that smile for aye before me,
Bask in its sunshine, be to it a flower.
But as the wish is breathed, it fades away,
Yet only its loved presence, not its sway.

* * * * *

[Left unfinished—and likely (perhaps happily!) to continue
so—the thread of thought is not only broken, but gone!]

DESULTORY THOUGHTS,

NOTES ON BOOKS, &c.

IN prose or poetry I always like the calm majesty of Henry Taylor. He has determined me to read the whole of Wordsworth, which I have never yet done, and opened my understanding, I think, to comprehend him better. In parts I have long been a worshipper of Wordsworth. He makes me feel that "virtue and the faculties within are vital," and the only things of real consequence. But H. T. shows he is not to be lightly understood, and that really to be benefited by him he must be not only read but studied with steadiness.

THE generous of all nations have agreed that no evil should be spoken of the dead. But the dead should really enter into the compact, and not have words of theirs brought to light after their death that speak against themselves or others. Louis XVIII. is at once his own accusing and recording angel in the *Memoirs* written by himself, and published by the Duke de Damas. He relates, with evident satisfaction, and even with a sort of chuckling complacency, acts of meanness from which any honourable or less selfish mind would have turned with horror. His apparent object in writing these *Memoirs* is to exculpate himself from

sundry charges formerly brought against him, of having aimed at the throne of France, and further to prove that his early wisdom, if the Court of Louis XVI. would but have listened to it, could have averted the revolution! He always seems to have disliked Marie Antoinette, and he could indeed have had little sympathy with a mind so unlike his own. His very condemnation of her is unequivocal praise. Job's wish that his enemy would write a book meets here a new comment. The enemy of this beautiful and most unfortunate of women, after a lapse of forty years, reveals, while he blames her, a thousand noble traits of character of which before we knew nothing. He contrasts his own servile and time-serving complaisance to Madame Dubarry with the inflexible rigour of the virtuous Queen. He has no sympathy with the affectionate daughter who would not tolerate insults to her mother, because offered by *la Favorite*. But I will give the whole anecdote in the royal historian's own words: "I was in the apartment of the Dauphin one day when my sister-in-law came to him, her eyes sparkling with anger, her face bathed in tears, and her voice trembling with emotion. We eagerly inquired into the cause of her agitation, and learned from her that on the preceding evening the Countess Dubarry had read publicly from Prince Louis de Rohan, then ambassador at Vienna, a letter in which the diplomatist made merry at the expense of Marie Thérèse. To attack her mother was to wound Marie Antoinette where she was most sensitive. *Sarcasms written by Prince Louis, repeated by la Favorite*, were in her eyes serious crimes, which called for instant punishment." And well they might! It would have been sufficiently presumptuous and impertinent for a

woman like Madame Dubarry at any moment to have held such a woman as Marie Therèse up to ridicule ; but to do it in the presence of her daughter was a piece of unparalleled effrontery, and ought to have excited some indignation against *la Favorite* and some sympathy with Marie Antoinette whose feelings she had dared to outrage. But virtuous indignation and generous sympathy could scarcely be expected to have fair play at the Court of Louis XV. The King himself had enjoyed the *plaisanterie* and could not therefore reprove ; most likely would not have done so under any circumstances. The affair, however, did not end here. Marie Antoinette's indignation at the conduct of Prince Louis produced in her that deep-seated dislike which made him afterwards her secret and most mischievous enemy.

LITTLE people and great, so unlike in their circumstances and talents, are yet often on a level with regard to their affections, unless, indeed, the pre-eminence be then given to the former. Napoleon I. loved his sister Pauline as I love my sister. He was proud of her beauty (as I have been of my sister's) and to the last hour of his life repeated that she had always been the most amiable creature in the world, and always *would be*. It is confidence like this that gives durability to our affections. With such a cement they cannot die, without it the best friendships depend more on habit and circumstances than regard. What the great Emperor felt for his sister I have always felt for mine—for I should deem it more easy for the sun to be turned from its course than her soul from its habit of generous and high-minded virtue.—*From MS. book, dated 1823.*

I HAPPENED to pass to-day one of the dirtiest old women I ever beheld, and remarked upon it. I was told, a few weeks since, a charitable lady had visited and washed her ! I could not help thinking if she once knew the pleasure, and refreshment, and delight of washing herself that she would like it ; and, pursuing the thought, I extended it to all the other virtues. They who are ignorant of cleanliness are wholly unacquainted with the agreeable sensations it imparts. May it not be that they who are not benevolent in thought, or charitable in deed, are as little acquainted with the happiness imparted by the feelings of benevolence and charity, as this dirty old woman, of the effects of washing. Can they who indulge in untruth know the respect that truth inspires ? They are, indeed, like the dirty old woman, and it requires the most extensive charity to tolerate them, it being so difficult to believe they ever can be made clean. If we wrap ourselves up in our own selfishness, can we ever become acquainted with the blessed feelings of such a woman as Florence Nightingale ? Must we not remain as ignorant of them as the dirty old woman of the pleasures of soap and water ? And so on, of everything that is good. It requires but a beginning. George Herbert gave good advice when he said, "Delay not the least virtue."

WHEN the sword of sorrow pierces a human soul it reveals "the thoughts of many hearts" to that soul, and sometimes leaves the power of diffusing that revelation to others. The sorrow then becomes genius, and as we read we say, "Beautiful"—"I have felt it"—"It is true !"

I VERY often meet with books that make me say, "I wonder the writer did not produce something better!" But this is a frequent thought with me over works of art as well as literature. And yet that work is most likely the very best that particular mind or hand, could realize—to each his (or her) limits. I remember, in years gone by, often to have looked on a portrait painted by the Marchioness of Thomond, a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and saying as I looked, "If I could have painted as well as that I would have painted better." Should I? Most likely not. To begin with, I could not paint at all. The portrait was a striking likeness, but the picture most incomplete. Oh, for perfection! In painting, in sculpture, how earnestly does the eye desire and seek for it. The ear is, I think, less fastidious, and will drink in with pleasure sounds that might not be considered perfect music, and the intellect can certainly be amused and even pleased in literature with much that is imperfect. But the soul pants for the perfection of nobleness in all things! How soon are its still and deep waters moved by all that promises but a glimpse of it!

WHEN we have a generous thought we should be eager to carry it out, lest some cold worldly feeling should arise and put it to flight. We should be grateful for it, as for a blessing, and remember it in our thanksgivings to the Giver of all Good. To bring the lustre of generosity into our little lives is to encanopy ourselves with stars, and to spread a carpet of flowers beneath our feet. It is sacrificing to our good angel and illumining his face with smiles.

ONE of Shakspeare's sweet heroines is made to exclaim, "How happy some o'er other some may be!" A line to me full of pathos. But there are women, not like Shakspeare's heroines, or indeed any heroines at all, who feel their own prosperity so much that it makes them insolent; but only to women who are less prosperous than themselves. Excellent bullies and braggadocios would these women have made had they but been men! Yet one of their most distinguishing characteristics is that they pique themselves on being "ladies!"

MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY's definition of a gentleman in the early description of Amyas Leigh pleases me mightily, I would have it impressed on every young heart. He speaks of him as that young "lion-cub" who had been taught, that to be a "gentleman" he must never cause needless pain to any human being, rich or poor, and take pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those weaker than himself.

EPICTETUS was always contented in his misery. "I am," said he, "in the very place Providence assigned that I should occupy. To complain is therefore to offend."

IN sadness, when the spirits are depressed, how easy to forget the fragrance of the earth—the beauty of the skies! We feel as if no flowers bloomed in Paradise and no stars shone in the blue heavens.

PERSONAL criticism, gossip of one another, what Madame de Sevigné calls "*causerie du prochain*," the unfailing resource of country towns, is not altogether

neglected in large cities in general, or London in particular.

It is with some men as with fruits. As culture improves the outside pulp, the inner part or kernel degenerates. The peach is better looking than the almond, and the outside of it *is* better, there can be no doubt ; but the kernel has diminished in size and is less good.

LIFE to the prosperous and passionless is like a summer sea, all tranquillity, softness, and safety. It is beauty in repose. The gentleness of heaven seems to surround these untried, these seemingly happy and super-happy beings. But, are they in reality as much happier than others as they appear to be? Have the wild, the whimsical, the impassioned, no golden moments of transcendent value to compensate for the whirlwinds, the tornadoes, and, alas ! too often, the shipwrecks of an agitated existence? I believe they have. They, indeed, *must* have, or they could scarcely continue to exist.

ONE reason that certain persons are disagreeable to us may be that, unconsciously to themselves, the feelings we inspire are expressed in their countenances. To them we are, in all probability, as unpleasing as they are to us.

WHAT so affecting as real virtue ! The wisdom, the integrity of Washington has swelled my heart with emotion and filled my eyes with tears, more frequently than the most pathetic history of sorrow I ever read. Excellent and wonderful man ! Heaven lent him to

America in a time of need, to save and serve his country. Europe may almost blush to think that "none but himself can be his parallel." She has had many gloriously great men, but at this moment I cannot recall *one* I think as great !

THERE are moments in which our minds "o'erleap their mortal state" and blend with infinity. What we gain is vague and indistinct and often incommunicable. We seem to catch a glimpse of truth, but truth seen through a vapour—the majestic mountain top, concealed by an impenetrable cloud. All that is certain, is, that we have been looking in a right direction, and of this we may make revelations to others, which may open to their minds a larger and more extended view. The poet and musician seem oftener than other men to have their visions of ecstatic delight. They at least have an interpreting power given to them which others have not. What would remain an "unknown tongue" is by them, in part, revealed. I believe that there are passages in poetry and strains in music that awaken in the souls of some of us, the precise tone of the minds from which they emanated; the precise tone I mean of *that* moment of inspiration. When I hear Beethoven's music I feel my attention arrested, as if I were listening to what he thought and felt, I do not say while actually composing a sublime passage, but at the moment when the idea of it first entered his heart. I seem to be discovering the mystic relation that exists between the unseen world and that which we inhabit. I can adduce nothing in proof that I do make discoveries, gain any positive information, enlarge my imagination or even increase my power of making idle conjectures; but a

whole army of logicians could not convince me that I have not gained something I had not before. Our feelings of joy, sorrow, rapture, hope, and that dreamy abstractedness darting into futurity, which has not yet a name, so evanescent, and so soon forgotten, have yet an essence which, like exquisite perfume, never deserts the spot where it was exhaled. The soul absorbs and retains that pure and subtle æther, and is richer and better for the possession.

MEN of the smallest mental calibre are often the most fastidious, they are like those caterpillars who must eat of the tree on which they were hatched or not at all.

DIAMONDS *have* light in themselves (so at least 'tis said), but they sparkle in the sun.

A MAN of dissipated habits has usually in his outward bearing a nameless something that betrays his inward value. And this unnamed property, while it serves as a warning to the good, is at the same time a signal to the vicious. The shark is the only fish that shines by night to warn men not to approach it.

THE more I read of Courts (with very few exceptions) the more I despise them. Supreme selfishness seems to reign in them to the utter exclusion of all sympathy. I could liken them to the polar regions, or the "eminent tops" of mountains where there is an utter absence of *sound*. A dreamy desolate silence of the heart seems to pervade them all. [The Court of Queen Victoria is, I believe, a delightful exception.]

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

OH ! bud of hope—oh ! star of light !
 Oh ! gem of lustre rare ;
 A glimpse of Eden to my sight
 Thy opening beauties bear.
 For, gazing on thy dove-like eyes,
 I read thy soul within,
 And feel—nay see !—thy young thoughts rise
 As angels—free from sin.

My blessed boy ! and yet for thee
 My love is blent with care ;
 And oh ! 'tis well, or life would be
 A wreath too bright to wear.
 For every hour since thou wert born
 I've trembled for the boon,
 And, lovely bud ! in this thy dawn
 I think upon thy noon.

Oh ! shouldst thou *then* but realise
 The promise of this hour,
 And be what *now* I idolise
 In hope, my morning flower,
 A rival to the glorious fame
 Thy sire hath won and wins for thee,
 Thine, too, a rich and noble name
 To grace thy ancestry—

How will my heart then bound, my boy,
 To hail the hero's sway !
 Yet glory, then, must not destroy
 The love I feel to-day.

No, no ! then, then as now, close-pressed,
My lips shall cling to thine !
Then, then, as now, thy throbbing breast,
My son ! must speak to mine.

Oh, boy ! I loved thy father well,
But what I feel for thee
Seems as a calmer, holier spell
Than love's wild mystery.
It is as though a chain had past
To me from heavenly bowers,
Whose links of adamant were cast,
Yet light as summer flowers.

And if I sleep, or if I wake,
Still near me seems that token ;
And oh ! I feel 'twill not forsake
And never can be broken !
No, *never* ! nor yet rashly said
Forgetting whose decree
Could by a breath thy brow o'erspread
With cold mortality.——

But that I know, his bond too sure
Immortal love to sever
Through death as life 'twill still endure
For ever, and for ever !
Yes, yes, my flower ! If I from thee
Or thou from me art taken,
We shall but then as sleepers be
In joy to re-awaken !

L I N E S

AFTER HEARING A BEAUTIFUL EXTEMPORE PERFORMANCE ON
THE PIANOFORTE.

“A solemn, strange and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.”

SUCH strain was his ! yet music's power
Seemed never known to me before.
My soul in one ecstatic hour
Flew o'er the world, and from it tore
The sacred veil that closely lies,
Round its most hallowed mysteries.
Even as a bird, it soaring flew,
But stooped awhile to drink of tears,
As though regrets of other years
Had been of flowers the morning dew !
Then swift again to meet the light
Remounting on a joyous pinion,
O'er future years it held dominion,
And shook my being with its visions bright.

Spirit of music ! Oh what mayst thou be
Thou spell of wondrous power ?
Com'st thou through æther from some distant sea,
Or are the skies thy bower ?
Do viewless winds bear thee from far to cheer us,
Oh marvel that thou art ?
Or art thou, subtle spirit, ever near us
Thy home, the human heart ?

It *may* be true that *there*,
 Until emotion, or some magic strain,
 Awake thee from thy lair,
 Thou sleepest peacefully, and it may be
 That all dreams, sweet and wild, are born of thee !
 The voice, too, we so often hear
 When strains of melting softness meet the ear,
 Breathing so eagerly "Again, again,"
 And saying to each form we love "Remain,"
 That voice *perhaps* is thine. Sweet spirit !
 If it be so, thou dost with us inherit
 The doom of earth, and speakest oft in vain.

F R A G M E N T .

ALSO AFTER HEARING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

I CAN but feebly speak of all
 I saw and felt—for, held in thrall,
 Awe blent with rapture—thrilling pain
 At moments ran across my brain
 But left deep joy behind ;
 The silent joy of consciousness
 That we have better powers of mind
 And higher feelings than can find
 Here on this earth true endlessness.
 Each passion came to me, refined,
 I felt the sacredness of grief

The bitterness of tears.
 Yet then I thought distress as brief
 As gladness now appears.
 Death, even death, lost all its sting,
 The grave its dreaded victory ;
 All, all I loved lay withering
 But wrapped in immortality !
 Light, glorious light, was round them thrown,
 Love, endless love was given,
 And mingled with their dying tone
 Came welcomings from Heaven !

ON BEING ASKED BY A FRIEND TO WRITE FOR A PERIODICAL.

THE visions of the soul may not
 Be all revealed—ere words can come
 The fleeting shades have left their home,
 Their colours faded, gone, forgot !
 The sounds the soul alone can hear
 May not be given to mortal ear ;
 Even music's power is faithless here !
 And scenes that greet the mental eye,
 Though circled by a halo light
 Of living rays, (as pure and bright
 As if their splendour could not die—)
 Like thin-wove clouds in summer air
 But float awhile, then melt away—
 Dreams of the mind ! they will not stay,
 Till thought can fix their record there !

It may be, noble bards have tried
 In vain such dreamings to prolong,
 For oh ! the meaner sons of song
 Too oft have felt how vain their art,
 To fix the phantoms of the heart,
 Or bring back visions that have died !
 The lyre will yield a love-like strain
 If but by noon-tide air swept o'er,
 But wildest winds might breathe again
 And never wake its music more.
 Before me, beams of mental pleasure
 With "gay notes" peopled oft have played,
 But ere I've caught the Muses' measure,
 Those notes to other eyes have strayed.
 And sounds, too, oft have met mine ear
 That seemed not of this earthly sphere ;
 But ere my shell hath caught the tone
 Those sweet airs vanish one by one ;
 And what were once imaginings
 Of rainbow hues, with form defined
 Are left the vague and shapeless things
 The darkling tempest leaves behind.

And even now—oh will it 'vail
 And plead for *lack of courtesy*
 To tell, that all the musings fail
 I summoned for my task to-day ?—
 Oh, yes, *to-day*—and if again
 These flitting spirits come to me,
 Whate'er their guise, the humble strain
 Shall *then* be poured to thee.

SONG.

(FROM A SONNET OF PETRARCH).

PLACE me where the sun doth shine.

As in Ind, with cruel power,
Or where frost and snow combine,
Make my summer bower.

Everywhere, oh ! everywhere
My heart would turn to thee,
And bowing low, as it doth now,
Say softly, How I love thee !

Let me be or high, or low,
In stormy fortune or serene—
Let me be where roses blow,
Or where roses are not seen—
Everywhere, oh ! everywhere
My heart would turn to thee,
And bowing low, as it doth now,
Say softly, How I love thee !

Let each day be turned to night,
Or every night be changed to day,
In starless darkness, as in light,
Those same words I still should say,
Everywhere, oh ! everywhere
My heart would turn to thee,
And bowing low, as it doth now,
Say softly, How I love thee !

Place me in or heaven or earth,
In valley or in deep abyss—
Or by calm domestic hearth,
Still my theme of song were this :
Everywhere, oh ! everywhere
My heart would turn to thee,
And bowing low, as it doth now,
Say softly, How I love thee !

Let me be or young or old,
Viewless spirit floating free,
Or fettered in a dungeon cold,
Only should I muse on thee !
Everywhere, oh ! everywhere
My heart would turn to thee,
And bowing low, as it doth now,
Say softly, How I love thee !



CURTAIN LECTURES, OR, A BACHELOR'S RESOLVE.

A BACHELOR—of observation,
 A Husband—by anticipation,
 And loving woman as I ought,
 And as I must, not merely caught
 By goodly tints divinely spread
 Of purest white or rosy red,
 Or raven tresses richly flowing,
 Or eyes like load-stars brightly glowing,
 Or features regularly fair,
 Or sylph-like form, or graceful air,
 Or ankle delicately round,
 Or even a voice of magic sound,
 Or harmless wit, its radiance flinging
 On all around, yet never stinging,
 Or hands in wondrous whiteness vying
 With snowflakes on Ben Lomond lying,—
 I, a bluff bachelor, declare
 Not one of these shall prove my snare !

Not *one* ! not *all* these charms combined,
 Though added to a cultured mind,
 And wealth to meet a miser's hope,
 Or rank that might with Howards cope,
 Shall ever lure me by volition
 To put my blest and free condition

"Into confine" unless insured
 By bonds impregnably secured
 'Gainst that one curse of married life
 That fatal failing of a wife,
 (I scarce can name the thing I mean,
 Full well 'twill be divined, I ween)—
 Yet, lest some other word of fear
 "Unpleasing to a married ear"
 Pop up, and cause a wrong conjecture
 I boldly name—a Curtain Lecture !

Stop, married men ! start not, I pray,
 From fear of aught that I can say,
 I nothing know, nor can reveal,
 If *justice beds* are down or steel ;
 I only *guess*, and when I hear
 A husband's "As you please, my dear,"
 And mark that "dear's" triumphant eye,
 I'm apt to think some treachery nigh.
 And when I see the tables turned
 In things where *he* alone's concerned,
 I start, and rub my head, and swear
 By the bright stars, I'd rather bear
 The tyrant Turk's despotic sway,
 Or cringe in chains to Egypt's Bey,
 Than suffer woman to control
 Each thought, each movement of my soul.
 And then I make a common cause
 With all who wish for Salique laws,
 Not wholly free from apprehension
 That, spite of all my long perpension,
 And all my commentaries past,
 I fall to their estate at last !

The gods forbid ! but *such* a twinge
Shoots through my frame when wives infringe,
It must be born of fears prophetic,
Combined with notions theoretic,
For sympathy alone I doubt
Could scarcely bring such dolour out !

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

“Lorsqu’ils furent parvenus a une extrême vieillesse
Philemon s’aperçut que Baucis devenait tilleul, et
Baucis fut étonnée de voir que Philemon devint
chêne. Ils se firent alors leurs derniers adieux.”

BAUCIS.

’Tis many years, Philemon dear,
Since Mercury and Jove were here,
Thou hast since then grown old ; but I
Still feel for thee idolatry—
Should still, if asked, the same request
Prefer unto Olympian guest,
And beg of him my days to spare
Only so long as on thy care
I might rely—never to know
Myself, the agonising woe
Thy death would give ; nor yet to feel
That mine should like a spectre steal
All joy from thee, and leave thee here
Old, desolate with none to cheer

As I had done, thy path of life,
Thy loved companion, friend, and wife.
Yes, 'twas a boon well asked of Jove
Not to survive what most we love,
But let the self-same hour be
The ending of mortality
To each at once—but say, hast thou
Wished ever to recall thy vow ?

PHILEMON.

Shame on thy doubt ! Oh, Baucis, how
Comes it, that thou shouldst question now
At this late hour, my faithful love ?
What have I left undone, to prove
I shared thy wish to gracious Jove ?
But now methinks 'tis near the hour
For proclamation of his power.
Fain would I know in what new way
We to Elysium shall stray !
Fain learn if there, thou still wilt be
Faithful as here thou'st been to me ?
If I shall still move by thy side
Fond as when first thou wert my bride ?
My eyes ne'er know satiety,
Yet seeking thee, and only thee !
My heart unwishing e'en to roam,
Thou still its happiness and home.
Unchanging bliss again be given
By thee who art on earth my heaven !

BAUCIS.

Philemon, hark ! I hear a sound
As if of waters roaring round :

What can it be obscures my sight ?
A mist seems floating in the light
Of yon bright sun ; yet thee I see
Distinctly—oh ! come nearer me.

PHILEMON.

For the first time, beloved friend,
At thy behest I cannot wend,
I near thee am, but would be nearer,
And dear, I know, yet would be dearer ;
But vainly now are wishes spoken,
The thread of life is well-nigh broken :
Jove keeps his word, still with surprise
I see thee change before my eyes.
Alas ! my Baucis soon will be
A tall and lovely linden tree ;
Its branches wave, its leaves are growing,
Its exquisite proportions showing
E'en in a tree through every part,
The grace that centred in thy heart.
Reveal, what is my form to you
For I now feel I'm changing too.

BAUCIS.

A stately oak, Philemon, thou
Of mighty bole and steadfast bough
Wilt shortly be—nay, art so now !
Each gentle zephyr passing near
Shall waft to thee or sigh or tear.
And thou in every ruder blast
Must speak to me. Farewell ! 'tis past,
I've looked and spoken now my last.

PHILEMON.

Your *last* ! oh no, my faithful friend,
For thou hast said that thou wilt send
To me, through all thy future years,
Thy precious sighs, thy kindly tears—
Those sighs and tears will be to me
Affection's deathless registry—
I will interpret all to mean
That thou art still what thou hast been.
Changed art thou to the eye, I own,
But many wives more changed I've known
From what they were in maiden hour
Than thou art now, my linden flower !
They keep, 'tis true, the covering on
That erst they wore when hearts they won ;
But, altered and debased in mind,
Where may their hapless husbands find
The consolation that is mine ?
Oh ! Lady Chloe don't repine,
Nor you, dear Phillis, hide your face.
It is not my intent to trace
Your folly or your faults to-day ;
But should you change, and on your way
To virtue wish for sheltering bower,
Both I and Baucis have the power,
And both the wish, to guide you back
To Constancy's deserted track ;
While, lingering 'neath our boughs will tell
The happiness of loving well,
And how, when poor, with nought beside,
It was our wealth, our hope, our pride—
How, too, 'twas still, when riches came,
More dear than wealth, or pride, or fame !

In sickness and in health, together
We braved the sun or wintry weather,
In joy and sorrow ever near ;
But each to each in woe more dear
Than e'er in bliss ! Yet, was not ours
The best of bliss ? Could Eden bowers
Give better, brighter, holier love
Than that which Baucis' kindness wove ?
Faithful and dear, and oh ! so kind !
That if not to my failings blind
So lenient, she, I fear, at last
Saw not one shadow that they cast.
And I, in turn, could gaze on her,
And her sweet smile in age, prefer
To beauty and the queenly air
Of all who were both young and fair.
Jove saw our truth—and Jove (though he
Himself could ne'er boast constancy)
In *others* loved fidelity.
He straight decreed that in our bower
No change should come, no evil lower.
But oh ! could change or evil come
Where Love had made his chosen home !
I do not mean offence to Jove,
But more I think we owe to Love.
To Love then be our praises given,
He made this earth to us a heaven !
He makes it still a joy to me
To be thus near my linden tree.
And though my Baucis doth not speak
Her lowly bending branches seek—
I know it well, as if she spoke,
To honour thus her guardian oak.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND LOVELY MRS. R. G.,

WHO ANNOUNCED HER OWN APPROACHING DISSOLUTION, WHEN
NONE BELIEVED HER IN DANGER.

“La bella donna che cotanto amavi
Subitamente s’e da noi partita
E, per quel ch’io ne sperì
Al ciel salita.”—PETRARCH.

YOUNG, lovely and beloved, she died away
Like a fair flower,
All, save herself, unconscious, as she lay
Of the dread hour !

And her sweet voice proclaimed that she must die,
Yet none believed !
Till her blest spirit winged its flight on high
All were deceived !

None yet had wept, none yet had felt a fear,
No woe was known ;
Till she so true, so loving, and so dear,
From earth was gone !

But oh ! *her* soul forefelt that life must cease,
She knew the hour !
God, to her heart alone had whispered peace
And given power !

One long, long look on him she loved so well
 Her spirit cast,
 That look showed love that words could never tell
 And was her last !

M A R Y .

THESE LINES WERE SUGGESTED BY READING IN PETRARCH,
 "PRIMA FERA PER ME NON PUR E MAI."

"WHEN may the heart with justice say
 There is no spring for me ?"
 Thus Mary said, one summer's day
 When roving in wild ecstasy,
 From the bright rose she caught its bloom,
 Robbed the sweet violets of perfume,
 Stole for her hands the lily's hue,
 And steeped her dark brown eyes in dew,
 That made them show with double truth
 Each thought of hope, of joy, or ruth
 That, fearless of the world's control
 Succeeded in her sinless soul.
 When first she spoke, I answered not,
 My thoughts were at Vauchuse ;
 They dwelt on Petrarch and his grot,
 On Laura and his muse :
 Till Mary asked the same again
 And broke my thralldom's secret chain—

“ Oh ! when, if ever may we say
That spring hath ceased to be ?
To me it seems this beauteous day
A thought from which to flee.
The flowers that now around me bloom
I know full well must die,
The bright sun will not long illumine
As now he does the sky,
But then I know another spring
Will give what this has given—
To me that spring is a beauteous thing
Already formed in heaven.
I feel of joys that are to come,
As of suns that must arise
I make for them a happy home
My heart their paradise !
Oh, ever may I fail to see
That spring can bloom no more for me ! ”

My foolish child ! though not all wrong
Thy life of joys to frame,
The grand in heart, the grand in song
We must not lightly blame.
We may not censure Petrarch's grief
When Laura's spirit fled ;
To him it was a blest relief,
To honour thus the dead ;
And hearts must be or dull or chill
That do not feel his woe ;
Light of his life, his Laura still
Beams on the world below.
This star of beauty still we see
Blent with the poet's memory.

But life at best, is but a loan
How soon to flee away !
A flower no sooner seen than gone !
Music that will not stay !
But He who gave it hath not said
We should for ever mourn—
Our loving thoughts cling to the dead ;
To them with hope we turn—
Re-union in a higher sphere
The immortal spirit sees,
God, in his mercy to us here,
Lets not this hope surcease.
So Mary ! I will join thy prayer,
That thou mayst fail to see,
Whatever sorrow be thy share,
That spring hath ceased to be.

VALERIE, THE BLIND GIRL,

REFUSING TO MARRY HER LOVER.

Do not of want of love my heart accuse
If here for ever, Ernest, I refuse
Thy generous prayer, my misery to share !
What could I be to thee but source of care ?
Ne'er should I hear thee, I know well, reprove,
But *I* might feel I wearied out thy love.
Yet, never think that thou canst be forgot,
Or fear an instant that I love thee not.

More dear than light which I have yearned to see
From my first hours of sorrowing infancy
Thy voice hath been and *is*. Ne'er have I known
A lute or singing yield so sweet a tune.
And, when in absence, round my heart it played,
Sorrow, that ever there in ambuscade
Lay sleeping, woke to wish that thou wert near;
As others long to see, I longed to hear!
And though I give thee now a moment's pain,
Most grateful to thee must I still remain.
Nor grateful only! Ernest, still believe
I love thee, love thee——

Again I must not weave
Visions of hope; but not without regret
Can I resolve to shun them or forget!
Forget! May it then be, that woman's heart
Can bid a master-passion thus depart?
As easy might I to my life-blood say,
I will not have thy ministry to-day.

No; not forget, although I must with pain
Say to this dream of joy, "Ne'er come again,"
As if but born of slumber or the night
And doomed to vanish with the morning's light!
Yet, Ernest! how it might have soothed and blessed:
Condemn me not that I am thus distressed,
Ev'n thou canst guess not what it costs my heart
Thus with its idol, and its life to part!
Oh! had but sight been mine! The tender flower
Of love I cast away in this dark hour
Had then, unto thy heart with gladness given
A bliss and joy unrivalled save in heaven.

But now, unto another I resign
 (Too proud, perhaps, that it was ever mine)
 Thy heart, thy noble heart. Oh, do not deem,
 Again I say, that 'twas in disesteem !
 That I, thy goodness knew not how to prize,
 Nor felt the greatness of thy sacrifice !
 It is for thy sake, and for thine alone
 I thus turn from thee and all hope disown.
 For, without thee, my fate can but bestow
 A dreary uncompanioned path of woe !
 But better thus, than tinge with jealous fear
 Or doubt dishonouring thee, my life's career.
 Thy love is now unstained ; so, let it die
 Its tomb, my heart, its epitaph thy sigh
 Re-echoing ever in my memory !

L I N E S

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN CAROLINE (WIFE OF
 GEORGE IV.)

WHY with oblivion should we veil her name ?
 For, if you weigh the cause, not hers the blame
 But *his*, who reckless of his country's curse,
 Drove her from venial errors on to worse.
 A nation's pity gently shrouds her deeds,
 To pardon his, a nation's justice bleeds.
 Still is forgetfulness her only claim,
 An erring woman's last retreat from shame.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN MELANCHOLY.

THE day is clear, the earth is fair,
 Flowers glisten in the sun,
 The voice of birds pervades the air,
 Streams prattle as they run.
 An under-concert, too, I hear,
 Of insect bliss, both far and near.

But 'mid this fairness of the earth
 This lovelines of scene,
 My spirit hath no touch of mirth,
 And dark thoughts intervene.
 They tell with truth what long I've known
 That I must be, and am alone.

These star-like flowers bloom for me,
 The river as it goes
 So sweetly, and so peacefully
 For me in music flows ;
 But hearts are none, or are not known
 Who care that mine should feel alone.

This song of birds I, too, can prize,
 And ev'n this insect hum,
 All nature's sacred harmonies
 To me as incense come ;
 Still, I can hear my spirit moan
 To feel and be so dark and lone.

Yet friends are kind, and some are true,
And they who see me glad
In scenes where smiles alone are due
Believe I ne'er am sad ;
They take for bliss the heartless tone
I most assume, when most I'm lone.

And yet I am alone in all,
Save this, that I'm allied
To one whose loved name I recall
With happiness and pride.
So dear she is, I scarce can own,
What yet is true, that I'm alone.

Fain would she, if she could, remove
The weary weight of woe
That, spite of reason, faith, or love,
Will follow where I go.
Oh ! 'tis a paradox to own
I love her, and yet feel alone.

Whence come then the dark thoughts that feed
This loneliness of spirit ?
Is it the yearning to be freed
From all we now inherit ?
Or is this shadow overthrown
To prove the soul must *here* be lone !

And know not, till in other spheres
What 'tis to comprehend
Of others' hearts and others' tears
Their being, source, and end—
They, too, in turn to read our own,
And none, oh ! none to feel alone.

LINES

TO A VERY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND WHO APPEARED TO OVERRATE
THE ADVANTAGES OF RANK.

“ When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb
Or silken banners o'er us.”—SHIRLEY.

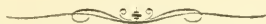
A POET long ago hath said,
That man, although gigantic made,
Whether with height to reach the pole
Or hands to grasp the main,
Must still, by measuring his soul,
His real standard gain.

Dear girl ! 'tis even so with birth,
No “ pride of place ” gives real worth,
And none how low so'er can dim
The lustre of its diadem.

The springing lark's low nest is found
Concealed by weeds beneath the ground :
The passenger's unwary tread
May crush its wing, or bruise its head,
And yet the lark, with heart elate,
Soars and sings at heaven's own gate.
Thus genius, virtue, too, can rise
From lowly paths to scale the skies !

Can do, what heraldry can *not*
Win chaplets from the hand of Fame,
And on their tomb inscribe a name
Too noble to be e'er forgot.
Loved friend ! the moral of the strain
You'll say, I fear, is trite and vain,
The illustration common-place
And put on record without grace.

I'll take another—look above !
The splendour of Almighty love
Shines o'er us from the vault of night—
Yet, 'mid those stars, whose urns of light
Pour radiance, some are termed "*unformed*,"
As though they neither shone nor warmed.
No name is theirs—yet do they rise
Resplendent portions of the skies,
Perform their bidding, and neglect despise,
Contented that to them the right is given
To share with other orbs the light of heaven.



CAROLINE.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER; BUT NOT AS SPENSER WOULD
HAVE WRITTEN.

“In avenenti spoglie
Bellissima alma.”

THAT lady fair was seated in a bower,
Small, and remote, and almost hid from view,
Adorned it was with many a spring-tide flower
Besprinkled o’er with morning’s earliest dew.
The ruby rose I saw, the violet blue,
The lily pale and sweet, the primrose fair,
But oh! that lady did eclipse the hue
Of each bright blossom that embalmed the air,
And threw into the shade each beauteous flowret there.

Would that I could describe her as she stood,
When erst I saw her, graceful, young, and free,
My poem then would be of womanhood
The fairest picture that the earth could see!
Oh, gladly would I, if such thing could be
Ypaint her slender waist, her raven hair.
Her wondrous face, that always seemed to me
Fair as could be, and yet more sweet than fair,
So beauteous was her look, so far beyond compare.

Her lovely eyes, when heavenward glancing, seemed
 So fair their tinct, parts of the summer sky,
 Downcast, their pure and breathing radiance teemed
 With the rich shadings that in violets lie.
 Ah! many youths I deem with raptured eye
 Have marked the beauties I so ill proclaim,
 Full many a heart hath given its first deep sigh,
 And oft its last to memory of the same,
 That dared not in her ear speak love's enchanting name!

WHAT THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES SAID.

“HOPE on, hope ever, hope eternally
 What though the world be harsh and rude!
 He, the Almighty One, is good,
 Hope thou then in Him ‘hope eternally.’”

The music of the waves said this to me
 One day, when by the shore I stood
 In sorrow, and the counsel good
 Will never, so I trust, forgotten be.

In Him I hope, in Him I ever trust
 To keep my will, as spark in flame*
 Subdued to his, *until the same*,
 And I respondent move, although but dust.

* Come scintilla in fiamma.—TASSO.

Vo

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